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PARTED ONCE.

So we two clasp hands once more, Jamie,
Though our youth long since has passed;
And none are by to sever us now—
Do you mind when we parted last?
Do you mind the tears we shed, Jamie,
The tender embrace that clung?
We can look back now with a pity strange
On the grief when we were young.

But the burnie that trickled then, Jamie,
Has grown to a river deep,
And none can bridge o'er the wide, dark gulf,
Where the hopes of childhood sleep.
The pale ghosts stand on the shore, Jamie,
And wail o'er what might have been,
But the world and its waves of greed and care
Too long have rolled between.

They said we were idle bairns, Jamie—
Too young to meet toil and pain:
Do you think, in the City of Heaven, we two
Shall be children once again?
And should we have been worse off, Jamie,
Had we risked that toil and care,
And learned high lessons of love and faith,
And helped each other to bear?

There is gold on this withered breast, Jamie,
And gems in this thin, gray hair:
But, oh! for the gowans you plucked me then,
In my tangled locks to wear!
You have lands in the far-off East, Jamie,
And ships on the treacherous sea:
Ah! who can restore the treasures of youth
And love to you—or to me?

THE WHITE SQUAW.

A Tale of Florida.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

AUTHOR OF THE "PLANTER PIRATE," &c.

THE MEETING OF WARREN RODY AND SANSOTA.

CHAPTER XIII.—(*Continued.*)

Another step, and horse and rider would have suddenly disappeared beneath the surface of the earth, and for ever.

They were on the brink of one of those subterranean wells, or "rinks," common in that part of the country, whose dangerous concavity is concealed by a light crust of earth; and only by the sudden sinking of the support beneath him is the unwary traveller apprised of the peril.

Over the covering of the abyss the grass grew as greenly, the flowers bloomed as brightly as elsewhere.

And yet under that fair seeming was a trap that conducted to death.

In an instant the fair rider comprehended her peril.

To advance would be certain death; to attempt to back her steed upon its own tracks almost as certain destruction.

She knew but one thing to do, and she did it.

Gently patting the creature's neck, she addressed it in soothing words, whilst with a wary hand she held the bridle, her touch upon the horse's mouth so delicate that the very breeze might have swayed it.

Her hand did not tremble, nor her eye quail, although the ruddy tinge upon her cheek had altogether disappeared.

After a time the horse seemed to gain confidence; his tremor became subdued, and, instead of the wild frenzy in his eye, there was a dull look, while the foam rose to his nostrils, and sweat bathed his limbs.

She continued to caress his neck, and soothe him with soft words.

Moving neither up nor down, to right or to left, with her delicate hand she still held the bridle.

But the danger still threatened.

She saw it as she cast her eyes below.

The ground was crumbling slowly but surely beneath the horse's feet, and a fissure had already opened wide enough to show the deep, black chasm underneath.

She shuddered, closed her eyes for a second, and then opened them, only to see the fissure widening—the blackness growing more intense.

A prayer rose up from her lips.

She waited for the catastrophe!

The tension on the horse's nerves became too great.

Again the animal trembled!

Its knees began to yield!

The ground seemed all at once to give from beneath its feet!

His rider felt that she was lost!

No—saved!

Just as her closing eyes saw the courageous animal slide into the black chasm, and heard its last snort of her terror, she felt herself lifted from the saddle, borne from the spot, and then—

She knew no more.

She had fainted!

CHAPTER XIV.

A TRUE GENTLEMAN.

It was Cris Carrol who had rescued the fair equestrian.

The old hunter had perceived her danger, and, with the quickness of thought, mastered the whole situation.

Without uttering a word, he stealthily approached the spot, until reaching a tree, one of whose branches extended over the horse's head.

To clutch it, spring out on the projecting limb, and lift the young lady out of the saddle, were acts performed almost instantaneously.

What followed was not so easy.

He had not counted on the feminine weakness of fainting, and, with the dead weight of the swooning girl upon his arm, there was still a difficulty as to his future movements. How was he to get back along the limb?

He saw that nothing but sheer strength could accomplish it, and accordingly exerted all he had.

With one hand grasping the branch, and the other around the unconscious form, he made a superhuman effort, and succeeded in reaching the trunk of the tree. Against this he supported himself until he recovered breath and strength.

While thus resting, he was witness to the engulphing of the gallant steed, as the snorting animal sank into the chasm below.

The old hunter heaved a sigh. He was sorry for the creature, and would have saved it had the thing been possible.

"Wal, if it ain't too bad for a good, plucky crittur like that to die sich a death! Confound them tarnal sink holes! They've been the misfortun' o' many a one. Thank goodness I've saved the feminine."

The "feminine's" condition now demanded his attention, as the temporary faintness was passing away, and she showed signs of returning animation.

With rare tact and delicacy, the old hunter, regardless of his own fatigue, softly lowered himself and his fair burden to the ground. Then, gently withdrawing his arm from her waist, he drew back a step or two.

Taking off his seal-skin cap, he wiped the perspiration from his brow, and, with the gallantry of a true gentleman, waited until she should address him.

The young lady he had rescued was no ordinary person.

The faintness which had come upon her endured only for a short while.

Recovering consciousness, she understood at a glance, not only the nature of the service rendered her, but also the character of the man who had rendered it.

"Oh, sir! I'm afraid that you've run a fearful risk. I can hardly tell you how grateful I am."

"Wal, miss, it war raythor a toughish struggle while it lasted. But, bless ye, that's nothin' so long as it's turned out all right. If you'd not been the plucky one you air, nothin' I could ha' done would have helped ye. It war your own grit as much as my muscle saved ye from fallin' into that trap."

"My horse. Where is he?"

"Yur right there, he's gone; poor crittur. I'd ha' liked to saved him, too, for the way he behaved. That dumb crittur had more sense in him than many a human; and it 'ud ha' done me a sight o' good to have pulled him thro'; but it wasn't possible nohow."

"Tell me, sir, where did you come from? I did not see you."

"Wal, I war clost by, and seed you ride right on to the danger. It war too late to holler, for that would only ha, made things worse an' skeared you both; so I said nothin', but jist dropped my rifle, and made tracks toarst ye. I spied the branch above you, an' speeled up to it. The next war nothin'—only a spell o' twistin' an' wriglin'."

He did not tell her that the muscles of his arms were fearfully swollen, and that it demanded all his power of endurance to prevent him groaning at the intense agony he suffered.

But the young lady, with a quickness of apprehension, seemed to understand this, too.

"Nothing, do you say? Oh! sir, it's another proof of your noble courage. I can never show you enough gratitude. For all that, I feel deeply grateful."

Her voice trembled with emotion—tears welled into her eyes.

Her brave heart had well endured danger, but could not contemplate, without betraying its emotion, the self-generosity of her preserver.

"Wal," said he, in order to change the conversation, which he thought too flattering towards himself, "what do you intend doing now that your horse is gone?"

She wiped the tears from her eyes, and in a firm voice answered him—

"I'm not more than four or five miles from my home. I merely rode out for pleasure. I little thought that my excursion would end thus. Where do you live, sir? I don't remember to have seen you before."

"At the settlement?" he asked.

She nodded.

"No; I ain't a resident of no place. I'm as you see me—a hunter. I've been at the settlement tho' many a time; in fact I used to live on that thar spot afore thar war any settlement. It war enough for me to know they war a-comin', so I pulled up stakes and quit. You see, miss, it don't do for a hunter to live among the clearins; besides, I'm a deal happier by myself."

"No doubt. To a contented mind, such a life as yours must be a happy one."

"That's it, miss; to them as is contented. Do you know I've often and often puzzled over the expressin' o' that there idea, and never could hit it; and yet you've gin it in the snappin' of a jack-knife."

"Perhaps you were going to the settlement when you saw me?"

"No; exactly t'other way. I war goin' from it. I've been down beyont hyar to meet a friend o' mine. It ain't long ago tho' since I war in the colony, and staid a spell there. Now I'm bound for the big Savanna, that is, arter I've seen you home, and out o' danger."

"Oh, no, thank you, that's not at all necessary. I'm used to wandering about alone, although this part of the country is a little new to me."

"If you'll allow me, miss, I'll go with pleasure."

"That I cannot do. All I want to know now is your name?"

"Cris Carrol," was the hunter's reply.

"Then," said she, holding out her pretty white hand, "Cris Carrol, I thank you, with my whole heart, for what you have done for me. I will remember it to my dying day."

Like a knight of ancient chivalry, the backwoodsman stooped and kissed the proferred hand.

When he stood erect again, a flush of pleasurable pride made his rugged face look as handsome as an Apollo's. It was the beauty of honesty.

"Bless you, miss, bless you! Cris Carrol will allers be too glad to do a sarvice for one that's real grit, as you air. That I'll swar to. Bless you!"

As she turned to take her departure, a sudden idea struck the backwoodsman—

"Why, what a durn'd old fool I am; I never axed her for her name."

"You'll pardon me, miss," said he, "I'm sure you will,—but—"

"But, what?" she asked, smilingly.

"But, might I ask you—I'd like to know—" here he stammered and stuttered.

"You want to know my name; that's it, isn't it?"

"The very thing!"

"Alice Rody."

The old backwoodsman started on hearing it.

CHAPTER XV.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

As Alice Rody left the spot, which had so nearly proved her tomb, she thought of the old hunter with admiration. His courage and honest courtesy had won her, but she had also noticed his surprise on hearing her name.

Of the feeling entertained by him for her father and brother she knew nothing.

The female mind loves riddles, and Alice, like a true woman, racked her brain for a solution of that one Carrol's conduct seemed to embody.

Thus occupied, she emerged from the forest, and had proceeded some distance upon her road, when she perceived two individuals in close conversation.

Their backs were towards her, and as her light footfall did not disturb them she got close to the spot on which they stood without their perceiving her.

Near enough, in fact, to hear the following:—

"Hark you, you black rascal! If you betray me it will be the worse for you. I have a means of silencing those who prove false to me."

Whatever reply the "black rascal" would have made was prevented by an impetuous gesture of the speaker, who had caught sight of Alice.

"Ah, Alice, you here?" said he, facing towards her. "I did not know you were abroad—"

It was her brother Warren.

Alice recognized in the "black rascal" no less a personage than Crookleg.

Warren thrust a piece of silver into the negro's hands.

"There, there, that'll do. I'll forgive you this time, but remember! Now be off with you—be off, I say."

Crookleg, cut short in his attempt to address Alice, hobbled away, muttering some words to himself.

"Why, Warren," asked his sister, "what makes you speak so harshly to poor Crookleg?"

"Because he's a pestilent fellow. I want him to know his place."

"But a kind word doesn't cost much."

"There, sister! no scolding, if you please. I'm not in the best of humors now. Where is your horse?"

Alice told her brother of the incident, and spoke warmly of Carrol.

"So the old hunter did you a good service, did he? I didn't think he had it in him, the old bear."

"How unjust you are, Warren. Bear, indeed! I tell you that Cris Carrol is as good a gentleman as ever lived!"

As she said this she showed signs of indignation.

"Is he, indeed!" was the brother's mocking retort.

"Yes—a thorough gentleman! One who wouldn't wound another's feelings if he could help it—and that's my idea of a gentleman!"

"Well, we won't argue the point. He has done good this time, and that'll go to his credit; for all that, *I* don't like him!"

Alice bit her lip with vexation, but made no reply.

"He's too officious," continued Warren; "too free with his advice—and I hate advice."

"Most people do, especially when it is good," quickly answered his sister.

"Who said it was good?"

"I know it is, or you would have liked it, and have followed it."

"You are sarcastic."

"No—truthful."

"Well, as I am in no mood for quarrelling, we'll drop the subject, and Cris Carrol too."

"*You* may, but I shall never drop him. He is my friend from this time forward!"

"You are welcome to choose your friends—I'll select my own."

"You have done so already."

"What do you mean?"

"That Nolatu, the Indian, seems to be one of them."

"Have you anything against him?"

"Oh, no, I am only afraid he'll be the loser by the intimacy."

"Am I so dangerous?" asked her brother.

"Yes, Warren, you are dangerous, for, with all your pretended goodness, you lack principle. You cannot conceal your real character from me. Remember, I am your sister."

"I'm glad you remind me. I should forget it."

"That's because you avoid me so much. If you believed in my wishes for your welfare, you would not do that."

Her voice trembled as she spoke.

"Indeed, then I beg you won't waste your sympathy on me. I'm perfectly able to take care of myself."

"You think you are."

"Well, have it that way if it pleases you better. But what has this to do with my friendship for the Indian?"

"A great deal. I don't like your intimacy with him. Not because he's an Indian—although that is one reason—but because you have some purpose to serve by it that'll do him no good."

"Why, one would think you were in love with the young copper-skin!"

"No, but they might think he's in love with me."

"What! has he dared—"

"No, he has dared nothing; only a woman's eye can see more than a man's. Nolatu has never spoken a familiar word to me, but, for all that, I can see he admires me."

"And you—do you admire him?"

The young girl stopped in her walk.

Her eyes sparkled strangely as she answered—

"Shame, brother, to put such a question! I am a white woman—he is an Indian. How dare you speak of such a thing?"

Warren laughed lightly at his sister, as he answered,

"Why, you don't think that *I* care for the fellow, do you?"

The young girl saw her opportunity, and seized it.

"And yet you pretend to be his friend. Ah! have I caught you by your own confession?"

"Again, what do you mean?"

"That my doubts are now certainties—that some wicked scheme is concealed under this false friendship for Nolatu."

"You are mad, Alice."

"No, perfectly sane. You have some design, and I advise you, whatever it be, to abandon it. You don't like my tears, so I'll try to suppress them if I can; but I implore you, Warren, brother, to give it up now and for ever."

She dashed a few bitter drops from her eyes ere she spoke again.

"I have only you and my father to look to for support and comfort; my heart has yearned towards you both, but has met with nothing but coldness. Oh, Warren, be a brave man—brave enough to despise wickedness, and you will not only make me happy, but, perhaps, avert that terrible retribution which overtakes transgression. There is time yet; hear my prayer before it is too late."

Her pleading voice fell upon an ear that heard not.

The appeal did not reach her brother's stony heart.

With a few commonplaces he endeavored to exculpate himself from any evil intentions towards the young Indian.

All in vain.

Her woman's instinct saw through his hypocrisy, and showed him to her as he was—wicked!

That night Alice Rody prayed long and earnestly for support in an affliction which she felt was but too surely coming; and she wept till her pillow was bedewed with tears!

CHAPTER XVI.

A CHANGED CHARACTER.

A wonderful change had taken place in the conduct of Elias Rody.

He was most gracious—most condescending.

He kissed all the children, chatted with the mothers, and listened to their narratives of infant ailments, husbands' delinquencies, or household troubles.

To the surprise of many of the poorer settlers the hitherto aristocratic governor took, or appeared to take, great interest in their affairs, and, more wonderful still, in some instances, put his hand into his pocket to relieve their pressing necessities.

Petty matters seemed to become deeply interesting to him, and he devoted time and attention to their adjustment.

Through all this his temper was conciliating and amiable.

Many personal quarrels, among settlers, were forgotten and forgiven through his means, whilst coolnesses were warmed into new friendships by his mediations.

This was the work of some time, and the astonishment at his amiability gave way to self censure on the part of the observers, who charged themselves with having done him great injustice.

No churlish man would have sent down provisions for the poor, have rebuilt Widow Jones's barn, or bought Seth Cheshire a new horse; and what mean man would have lent money to that drunken but popular Jake Stebbins, whose fiery nose, should Jake be abroad, was as a lighthouse on a dark night to any belated traveller?

This was the impression that gradually got abroad about Elias Rody.

He only smiled, rubbed his hands softly together, and muttered, "Humph!"

The monosyllable was full of meaning.

It meant that he thought his labor well bestowed, and that the design he had in view prospered even beyond his expectations.

What this design was must be already apparent.

He had courted this popularity to enable him to accomplish the dearest wish of his heart.

After his bland dismissal of Oluski, laden with gifts, he had acquired a control over his own naturally impetuous temper which astonished himself.

The refusal of the Seminole chief to give him quiet possession of the hill was the more annoying because it seemed to close for ever any further attempt at negotiation.

He understood the Indian character sufficiently to know that they were unchangeable in their opinions, and seldom, if ever, to be moved from a resolution once taken.

This tenacity of purpose had, time out of mind, brought ruin and devastation upon themselves as on those who sought to coerce them, and Rody ground his teeth with impotent rage when Oluski had announced the decision of the Indian council.

The Judas smile that succeeded had root in another thought, which the governor had left out of his mind until the supreme moment of his defeat.

Hence his changed conduct towards his fellow-settlers.

They became almost to a man believers in him, and ready to do his bidding.

He did not neglect, in his Machiavelian policy, to insinuate in every artful way his pet project of possessing the property on which the Indians were encamped. So artfully, indeed, that in most instances the idea seemed to have originated in his listener's mind, and by them to have been suggested to Elias, thus skillfully reversing the true facts of the case.

This once accomplished, the rest was simple.

A general feeling got abroad that the red men were interlopers, and had no right to usurp a spot so necessary and so useful to the colonists. This feeling, although not loudly expressed, was very deep, and, in nearly every instance, sincere.

The few clear-headed and impartial planters who, proof against Rody's sophistical speeches, were assailed by him in a different manner—by specious promises of enlarged possessions, or by matter of fact appeals for the advancement of civilization. If he did not gain their approval, he, at any rate, made their objections seem narrow-minded and selfish.

Only a few sturdy honest men held out. These Elias could do nothing with. They rejected his proposals, laid bare his false arguments, and laughed at his facts—but as they were a very small minority, they had little influence.

Ere Rody had accomplished this pacific revolution of opinion, the autumn had waned, and the winter months—if such a word can be used where there is no winter—approached, and with it the limit of the term of the Indians' stay upon the hill.

With the first appearance of cool weather, Oluski and his tribe repacked their household gods, took their dwellings to pieces, and with their wives, children, horses and cattle, quitted their late encampment.

The bare poles again appeared cutting against the clear sky.

The hill was once more uninhabited.

A new sort of activity had sprung into existence upon its table top.

In the place of Indians, with their painted plumes and their primitive finery, the ground was occupied by white men—carpenters and other artisans, along with their negro attendants.

Piles of prepared lumber, stones and other building materials strewed the ground, while the busy workmen, black and white, made the air resonant with their jocund voices.

A finished frame-house soon made its appearance on the spot where the Indians had but recently dwelt—a large structure, substantially built, and ornamental in finish.

It belonged to Elias Rody.

He had secured the sanction of the settlers, and they had determined to support him in his piratical design. Only a very few of them had stood out against it.

Thus strengthened, he had resolved upon, and had now completed his act of usurpation.

CHAPTER XVII.

OVER CONFIDENCE.

Oluski's dwelling, in his place of permanent abode, was a more pretentious affair than the wigwam temporarily inhabited by him at Tampa Bay.

This eastern residence was an old Indian town that had been built long before the Spaniards had landed in Florida, and in it his people, for many generations, had dwelt.

The chief having returned from an extended hunting excursion, was pleased to find himself once more beneath his paternal roof.

Doubly pleased; for he had brought back with him his nephew, Wacora, who, thinking of his pretty cousin, had accepted his uncle's invitation with alacrity.

Behold them, then, with pipes lighted, seated inside the house, Sansuta in attendance.

Wacora watched the lithe-limbed maiden; as she flitted to and fro, engaged in household duties, he thought her as attractive as ever. A certain consciousness on her part of the fact, in no way detracted from her beauty.

"I am pleased, nephew," said Oluski, "pleased to see you here again. I feel that that I am no longer young, the support of your arm in a wearying day's march has been very welcome."

"It is always at your service, uncle."

"I am sure of it. If Oluski thought otherwise he would be unhappy. Your cousin, Sansuta, addressing his daughter, "came to see you as much as to bear me company. You should thank him for it."

"I do."

"Wacora is thanked already in the smile of welcome that met him in Sansuta's eyes."

The young girl blushed at the delicate compliment, and, going out, left the two chiefs together.

"You tell me, Wacora, that the affairs of your tribe are prosperous, and that there is peace and harmony in your council chamber?"

"Yes, uncle, the same as in my father's life-time."

"That is well, for without that there is no real strength. So it is with us."

"You have told me nothing of the pale faces on Tampa Bay."

"They are our firm friends still. In spite of your fears, Wacora, to the contrary, Rody and the colonists are true to their promises."

"I am pleased to hear Oluski say so," was the nephew's reply.

"I did not tell you that he had made an offer to buy the hill."

"To buy the hill! What hill?"

"That on which we make our annual encampment. We call it Tampa after the bay."

"Indeed! He wants that, too?" rejoined the young chief, in a tone savoring of indignation.

"Yes; I called our council together, and told them of the offer."

"And their answer?"

"The same as my own; they refused."

Wacora gave a sigh of relief.

"When I carried that answer to the white he was not angry, but met me like a friend."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; he pressed upon my acceptance rich presents, and told me that Oluski's friendship was worth more than land."

"But you refused the presents?" said the young Indian, eagerly.

"I could not; my old friend would take no denial. Fearing to offend him, I yielded."

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of an Indian, one of the warriors of the tribe.

"What does Marocota want?" asked Oluski."

"To speak to Wacora, the chief."

Wacora desired him to express his wishes in the presence of his uncle.

"Marocota must speak to Wacora alone, if Oluski will allow it."

Oluski made a sign to his nephew, who rising, followed the man outside the door.

"Wacora must follow me further," signified the Indian.

"Go on, I will do so."

Marocota led the way, and only paused in his walk when he had got some distance from the dwelling.

"Has Wacora faith in Marocota?"

The young chief started at the question which his guide had put to him in a tone of strange earnestness.

"Yes, I have faith in you."

"And he would serve Oluski, our chief?"

"With my life!"

"Sansuta is dear to Oluski."

Again Wacora started. Marocota's words were enigmatical.

His guide continued—

"Sansuta is beautiful."

"We all know that. Was it to tell me this you brought me here?"

"The pale-faces admire the beauty of our Indian maidens."

"What of that?"

"One pale-face has marked Sansuta's beauty."

"Ha!"

"His eyes gladden at sight of her. Her cheeks grow red at sight of him."

"His name?"

"Warren Rody."

"How do you know all this?"

"Marocota is Oluski's friend, and watches over his chief's happiness. To-night Warren's messenger was in the town—the negro, Crookleg."

The young chief was silent. Marocota watched him without breaking in upon his thoughts.

Recovering himself, Wacora asked—

"Where did you see the negro?"

"In the old fort."

"The old fort! What was he doing there?"

"Marocota followed his trail—a lame foot and a stick—and saw him as he entered the ruin; some one was waiting for him inside!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The Boston Transcript says: "Persons who are annoyed by dust upon the great organ at the Hall are probably not aware that it takes six or seven men nearly a week, and involves an expense of upwards of $100 to give the instrument a single thorough dusting. The operation has been gone through with this week."

☞ One of the clergymen of Springfield, who is in the habit of adding "ah" to his sentences, recently spoke of those who "have been brought up on the Lord's side ah."

☞ The man who never failed is a myth. Such a one never lived, and is never likely to. All success is a series of efforts, in which, when closely viewed, is seen more or less failures. The mountain is apt to overshadow the hill, but the hill is a reality nevertheless. If you fail now and then, don't be discouraged. Bear in mind it is only the part and experience of every successful man; and the most successful men often have the most failures.

☞ During the last two years twenty-three butcher shops for the sale of horse flesh have been opened in Paris.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1868.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

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BACK NUMBERS.

We can supply back numbers of THE POST to Jan. 4th, containing the whole of "The Death Shadow of The Poplars," "Sydnie Adriance," "The Planter Pirate," &c., &c.

SOUTH AMERICA.

We take the following from an exchange relative to the financial honor of Brazil:—

In the long and enormously expensive war in which Brazil has been engaged, the credit of its government has been sustained in the most honorable manner. Taxation has been increased, and money has flowed so freely into the treasury that its present deficit is under $2,000,000. The dividends on its loans are as punctually paid in London as when the empire was at peace, the sinking fund which is rapidly amortizing these loans has not been suspended, the guarantee on its railways is regularly and faithfully met, it owes no money in Europe, its 5 per cent. external bonds are worth much more in the market than those of many European States, and its 6 per cent. internal bonds are quoted at Rio at 87¾.

Nothing could prove more conclusively the superiority of monarchical over republican institutions for nations where the masses of the people are deficient in moderation and intelligence, than the condition of South America. While revolution and disorder seem to be the normal state of the so-called republics, and they are despised alike at home and abroad, Brazil presents the appearance of an orderly government, with as liberal a constitution as the people are prepared for.

Paraguay, with which Brazil and her allies have been waging war, and which has opposed to her formidable enemies such an heroic resistance, is a despotic monarchy, ruled by a Dictator.

Dr. Francia assumed the Dictatorship in 1814, four years after the separation from Spain, and governed the country until his death in 1840. Since then, with a short interval, Lopez has governed Paraguay as "President for Life." Dr. Francia established schools in every section, and, as Lippincott's Gazetteer says, "by a judicious exercise of arbitrary power preserved the country from those dissensions and civil wars from which the other South American states have suffered so deeply." That the people of Paraguay are satisfied with their absolute monarchy, would seem to be proven by the united front they have presented for several years against their allied invaders.

As to the merits of the quarrel between Paraguay and Brazil, we say nothing, not having investigated the subject.

We are in our political principles a devoted admirer of Republican Institutions. But as a Republic is the least simple and natural, and the most complex and artificial of all governments, so it is the one that requires for its success the greatest amount of sound judgment, general intelligence, and wise moderation in the people. Without a large proportion of these elements, a Republic for any long period of time, is simply an impossibility.

The reason is obvious. To rule a great nation wisely, requires the very highest faculties of the human mind. Now it is easier to find one wise man than fifty, fifty wise men than five millions.

But in a Republic, the majority of the voting class are elevated into the position of rulers—rulers not of themselves only, but of the country, including the minority of voters, and the numerous non-voters. Now if the average of wisdom in this ruling majority does not reach a certain height, they are certain to wreck the ship.

No truth, one would think, could be clearer than this—all History teaches it—South America and Mexico are illustrating it daily before our eyes—but our politicians and statesmen (so-called) seem to be utterly blind to it, while even our scholars and thinkers, as in the madness of the French Revolution, are led off by the shallowest sentimental ideas in respect to the nature of Liberty and Government.

"To govern yourselves"—that is not the vital part of government, though sufficiently important. The question that Fate is always putting is,—Can you, the ruling power—be you Monarch, Aristocracy, or Republican Majority—govern the Nation, including the opposing Minorities, the Non-voters, the great Moneyed and Landed Interests,—fairly, wisely, moderately, and well?

That is always the question. And it does not answer it, so as to please Fate, for the Ruling Power to say, like Louis Sixteenth, "I am the State; and will rule to please myself."

The Ruling Power—be it King, Aristocracy, "Republican" Majority, "Democratic" Majority—has no right to rule to please only itself. No government can long endure which is managed on such selfish and despotic principles. The actual Ruler may be elected by a majority,—but the moment he is elected, he and they should remember that he is the Representative of the Whole People—those who voted against him, as well as those who voted for him. The rights of the minority should be as sacred in his eyes as those of the majority. If he is President, he should be President of the Whole People, not merely of those who voted for him. If a Legislator, he should legislate for the good of the whole people, not merely for his party. He is a sworn man—and bound by his Constitutional oath to know no party, but the whole people.

From the neglect and disregard of these plain truths, we are sailing right on towards anarchy and ruin. There are those who laugh at such assertions, as at the false warnings of the boy that cried "Wolf! wolf!"—but let them remember that according to the fable, the wolf did come at last!

A NEW POEM BY MILTON.

Professor Morley, of the University College, London, has discovered a manuscript poem in a copy of Milton's works in the British Museum, which he believes to be by Milton. He says:—"It is entitled simply 'An Epitaph,' and signed by him 'J. M., Oct., 1647.' He was then in his 39th year. As the page is about the size of a leaf of note-paper, the handwriting is small. Thirty-six lines were first written, which filled the left-hand side of the page; then a line was lightly drawn to the right of them, and, the book being turned sideways, the rest of the poem was packed into three little columns, eight lines in each of the first two columns, and the other two lines at the top of the third column, followed by the initials and date. Upon the small blank space left in this corner of the page the Museum stamp is affixed, covering part of Milton's signature."

The following is the poem, as corrected according to the latest examinations with a magnifying glass:—

"AN EPITAPH.

He whom Heaven did call away
Out of this Hermitage of clay
Has left some reliques in this Urn
As a pledge of his return.

Meanwhile the Muses do deplore
The loss of this their paramour,
With whom he sported ere the day
Budded forth its tender ray.
And now Apollo leaves his lays
And puts on cypress for his bays;
The sacred sisters tune their quills
Only to the blubbering rills,
And while his doom they think upon
Make their own tears their Helicon;
Leaving the two-topt Mount divine
To turn votaries to his shrine.

Think not, reader, me less blest,
Sleeping in this narrow chest,
Than if my ashes did lie hid
Under some stately pyramid.
If a rich tomb makes happy, then
That Bee was happier far than men
Who, busy in the thymy wood,
Was fettered by the golden flood
Which from the Amber-weeping tree
Distilleth down so plenteously;
For so this little wanton elf
Most gloriously enshrined itself.
A tomb whose beauty might compare
With Cleopatra's sepulchre.

In this little bed my dust
Incurtained round I here intrust;
While my pure and nobler part
Lies entomb'd in every heart.

Then pass on gently, ye that mourn,
Touch not this mine hallowed Urn;
These Ashes, which do here remain,
A vital tincture still retain;
A seminal form within the deeps
Of this little chaos sleeps;
The thread of life untwisted is
Into its first existencies;
Infant nature cradled here
In its principles appear:
This plant though caverned into dust
In its Ashes rest it must
Until sweet Psyche shall inspire
A softening and prolific fire,
And in her fostering arms enfold
This heavy and this earthly mould.
Then as I am I'll be no more
But bloom and blossom [as] b [efore]
When this cold numbness shall retreat
By a more than chymick heat.
J. M., Oct., 1647."

There has been considerable discussion as to whether the "J. M." signed to the above is not really "P. M.", but the J. M. champions do not give up the ship, but assert that powerful magnifying glasses support their side of the question.

As to the lines themselves, they are declared by some to be worthy, and by others entirely unworthy of Milton's genius. For instance, Hepworth Dixon, of the London *Athenæum* says:

Who except Milton would have written
Out of this Hermitage of clay?
Would any other poet have made Apollo
—put on cypress for his bays?

This line,

The sacred sisters tune their quills,

is not only Miltonic, but extremely characteristic of his manner about the year 1647. "Stately pyramid," "amber-weeping tree," "wanton elf," are in the poet's vein. Surely *a great poet* must have written

A seminal form within the deeps
Of this little chaos sleeps.

The closing lines of the Epitaph are certainly not worthy of Milton; and I fancy they are very much "in the rough."

What some people call flaws in the Epitaph seem to me Miltonic.

On the other hand we notice that the distinguished New York city poet, Tilton, of the Independent, says:—

The first four lines would have been more in Milton's involved and inverted manner had they stood thus:

"He whom Heaven did call away
From this Hermitage of clay
Hath, as pledge of his return,
Left some relics in his urn."

Perhaps Milton might have written

"These ashes, which do here remain,
A vital tincture still retain;"

but, having so written, he would not have added the *supplemental crudities* which follow:

"A seminal form within the deeps
Of this little chaos sleeps;
The thread of life untwisted is
Into its first existencies;
Infant nature cradled here
In its principles appear."

Thus it will be seen that Tilton thinks he could easily improve on Milton, if such lines be Miltonic; while he denominates as "supplemental absurdities" what Mr. Dixon thinks "a great poet surely must have written."

There is another explanation, which will doubtless commend itself to our friends the "Spiritualists." That this poem was written by the ghost of Milton, on one of his frequent visits to the British Museum. This strikes us as a highly bold and original view of the subject.

On the whole however, we are inclined to think that whether Milton did or did not write this poem, is, considering the intrinsic value of the poem itself, a matter of very little consequence. Such is our own humble opinion. But then if any of our readers think differently, they are welcome to their own view—and we trust they will thank us for laying before them what they will doubtless consider such a gem of poesie.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE AMERICAN ANNUAL CYCLOPÆDIA AND REGISTER OF IMPORTANT EVENTS FOR THE YEAR 1867. Embracing Political, Civil, Military and Social Affairs; Public Documents; Biography, Statistics, Commerce, Finance, Literature, Science, Agriculture, and Mechanical Industry. This is the seventh volume of this excellent yearly addition to Appleton's Encyclopædia. It is embellished with finely engraved portraits of George Peabody, Burlingame, Chase, &c. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF ULYSSES S. GRANT AND SCHUYLER COLFAX. By CHARLES A. PHELPS, President of the Massachusetts Senate. Embellished with two Steel Portraits and four Illustrations. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS—Nicholas Nickleby, Martin Chuzzlewit, and American Notes in one volume. Six of these volumes contain the whole of Dickens's works. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philada.

GŒTHE AND SCHILLER. An Historical Romance. By L. MUHLBACH, author of "Joseph II. and His Court," &c. Illustrated. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Phila.

HALF-YEARLY ABSTRACT OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES. January to July, 1868. Published by H. C. Lea, Phila.

THE MONASTERY. By WALTER SCOTT. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Phila.

Honesty of the Indians.

A gentleman, Mr. H——, who has lived in the West sometime, made to me, the following statements, which it seemed to me might be worthy to place beside some of Mrs. Child's testimonies regarding the Indians. He said that when he was a young man, happening to be on the island of Mackinaw, he saw there a store with a large show-window filled with highly colored ribbons. He inquired of the proprietors, where they found a market for these ribbons, and was told that they were principally bought by Indians. Making further inquiries, he learned that the Indians came there to trade from distances of three hundred or a thousand miles, and that once a year, when the Government annuities were paid them, they settled their bills at the store. Mr. H—— asked if the traders did not lose heavily in thus carrying on a credit business with Indians, who, living at such immense distances, could hardly be traced if they failed to pay. They replied that while doing business for twenty years in so-called civilized regions, they had lost more each year from such failure to pay, than in ten years of trade with the Indians. They said if an Indian died in debt, his family and connections invariably paid what he owed, and that a red man's word was inviolable.

The same gentleman who told me this, says that the Government agents and the traders constantly conspire to swindle the Indians.

Newspapers in England.

There is a prevalent impression in the United States that the number of newspaper readers there, in proportion to the population, is much greater than in England. This impression I believe to be altogether mistaken. Statistics may indorse it; but the time has gone by, in this age of splendid financiering, when anybody credits the maxim that "figures do not lie." English travellers in America mention as an astonishing incident that even the hack-drivers of America are seen reading the daily papers, forgetful of the fact that cabmen in England are to be observed, during leisure intervals, consulting the same sources of information. The provincial press of England is far in advance of that of America, both in matter and manner, and is quite as generally circulated. If in some cases the subscription-list of some American newspapers exceeds that of the corresponding class of journals in England, it must be remembered that in England papers are often hired by the readers at so much an hour, and are consequently perused by thousands of persons whose names do not appear on the lists of subscribers. In America nine out of every ten individuals read the papers; and, according to my observation, the average is little, if any, less in England.

Characteristics of Women.

Among Leon Gazlan's posthumous papers was found an essay on the characteristics of women, which will hardly add to his popularity among American ladies. Just read the outrageous paragraph: A French woman will love her husband if he is either witty or chivalrous; a German woman if he is constant and faithful; a Dutch woman if he does not disturb her ease and comfort too much; a Spanish woman if he wreaks terrible vengeance on those who incur his displeasure; an Italian woman if he is dreamy and poetical; a Danish woman if he thinks that her native country is the brightest and happiest country on earth; a Russian woman if he despises all Westerners as miserable barbarians; an English woman if he succeeds in ingratiating himself with the royal court and the aristocracy; an American woman if—he has plenty of money.

HYDROPHOBIA.—A gentleman who has been bitten six times by mad dogs, and offers to suffer himself to be bitten as many times more to convince mankind of the efficacy of his cure, but whose name is not given, offers the following as a sure antidote for the hydrophobia:—"Mix one pound of common salt in a quart of water, then bathe and squeeze the wound with the same one hour, then bind a little more salt on the wound for twelve hours."

☞ Be careful when you get very tender-hearted not to get soft-headed.

Napoleon's Picture.

Josephine was not alone when Bonaparte was announced, and when the servant named him she could not repress an inward fear, without knowing why she was afraid. Her friends, who noticed her tremor and blush, laughed jestingly at the timidity which made her tremble at the name of the conqueror of Paris, and this was perhaps the reason why Josephine received General Bonaparte with less complacency than she generally showed to suitors.

Amid the general silence of all those present the young General (twenty-six years old) entered the drawing-room of the Viscountess Beauharnais; and this silence, however, flattering it might be to his pride, caused him a slight embarrassment. He therefore approached the beautiful widow with a certain abrupt and perplexed manner, and spoke to her in that hasty and imperious tone which might become a general, but which did not seem appropriate in a lady's saloon. General Pichegru, who stood near Josephine, smiled, and even her amiable countenance was overspread with a slight expression of scorn, as she fixed her beautiful eyes on this pale, thin, little man, whose long, smooth hair fell in tangled disorder on either side of his temples over his sallow, hollow cheeks; whose whole sickly and gloomy appearance bore so little resemblance to the majestic figure of the lion to which he had been so often compared after his success of the thirteenth Vendemaire.

"I perceive, General," suddenly exclaimed Josephine, "that you are sorry it was your duty to fill Paris once more with blood and horror. You would undoubtedly have preferred not to be obliged to carry out the bloody orders of the affrighted convention?"

"That is very possible," said he. "But what can you expect, madame? We military men are but the automatons which the government sets in motion at its good pleasure. We know only how to obey. The sections, however, cannot but congratulate themselves that I have spared them so much. Nearly all my cannon were loaded only with powder. I wanted to give a little lesson to the Parisians. The whole affair was nothing but the impress of my seal on France. Such skirmishes are only the vespers of my fame."

Josephine felt irritated, excited by the coldness with which he spoke of the slaughter of that day; and her eyes, otherwise so full of gentleness, were now inflamed with the flashes of anger.

"Oh," cried she, "if you must purchase fame at such a price, I would sooner you were one of the victims!"

Bonaparte looked at her with astonishment, but as he perceived her flushed cheeks and flashing eyes, the sight of her beauty ravished him, and a soft, pleasant smile suddenly illuminated his countenance. He answered her violent attack by a light pleasantry, and with gladsome unaffectedness he gave to the conversation another turn. The small, pale, gloomy General was at once changed into a young, impassioned, amiable cavalier, whose countenance grew more beautiful under the sparkling intelligence which animated it, and whose enchanting eloquence made his conversation attractive and lively, carrying with it a conviction of a superior mind.

After the visitors who had met that morning in Josephine's drawing-room had departed, the General remained, notwithstanding the astonished and questioning looks of the Viscountess, paying no attention to her remarks about the fine weather, or her intention to enjoy a promenade.

With rapid steps, and arms folded behind his back, he paced a few times to and fro the room; then, standing before Josephine, he fixed on her a searching look.

"Madame," said he, suddenly, with a kind of rough tone, "I have a proposition to make; give me your hand. Be my wife."

Josephine looked at him, half astonished, half irritated.

"Is it a joke you are indulging in?" said she.

"I speak in all earnestness," said Bonaparte, warmly. "Will you do me the honor of giving me your hand?"

"Sir," she said, "who knows if I might not be inclined to accept your distinguished offer, if, unfortunately, fate stood not in the way of your wishes?"

"Fate!" said Bonaparte, with animation.

"Yes, fate, my General!" repeated Josephine. "But let us speak no more of this. It is enough that fate forbids me to be the wife of General Bonaparte. I can say no more, for you would laugh at me."

"But you would laugh at me if you could turn me away with so vague an answer," cried Bonaparte, with vivacity. "I pray you explain the meaning of your words."

"Well, General, I cannot be your wife because I am destined to be Queen of France—yes, perhaps more than Queen?"

It was now Bonaparte's turn to appear astonished and irritated, and using her own words, he said, shrugging his shoulders,

"Madame, is it a joke you are indulging in?"

"I speak in all earnestness," said Josephine, shaking her head. "Listen, then: A negro woman in Martinique foretold my fortune, and as her oracular words have thus far been fulfilled, I must conclude that the rest of her prophecies concerning me will be realized."

"And what has she prophesied to you?" asked Bonaparte, eagerly.

"She has told me 'You will one day be Queen of France! You will be still more than Queen!'"

The General was silent. He had remained standing; but now slowly paced the room a few times, his hands folded on his back, and his head inclined on his breast. Then again he stood before the Viscountess, and his eyes rested upon her with a wondrous bright and genial expression.

"I bid defiance to fate," he said, somewhat solemnly. "This prophecy does not frighten me away, and, in defiance to your prophetic negro woman, I, the Republican General, address my prayer to the future Queen of France; be my wife! Give me your hand!"

Josephine felt almost frightened at the pertinacity of the General, and a sentiment of apprehension overcame her as she looked into the pale, decided countenance of this man, a stranger to her, and who claimed her for his wife.

"Oh, sir," she exclaimed, with some anguish, you offer me your hand with as much carelessness as if the whole matter were merely for a contra dance. But I can assure you that marriage is a very grave matter which has no resemblance whatever to a gay dance. I know it is so. I have had my sad experience, and I cannot so easily decide upon marrying a second time."

"You refuse my hand then?" said Bonaparte, with a threatening tone.

Josephine smiled. "On the contrary, General," said she, "give me your hand, and accompany me to my carriage, which has been waiting for me this long time."

"That means to dismiss me! You close upon me the door of your drawing-room?" exclaimed Bonaparte, with warmth.

She shook her head, and bowing before him with her own irresistible grace, said, in a friendly manner. "I am too good a patriot not to be proud of seeing the conqueror of Toulon in my drawing-room. To-morrow I have an evening reception, and I invite you to be present, General."

From this day Bonaparte visited Josephine daily; she was certain to meet him everywhere. At first she sought to avoid him, but he always knew with cunning foresight how to baffle her efforts, and to overcome all difficulties which she threw in his way. Was she at her friend Therese's, she would safely reckon that General Bonaparte would soon make his appearance and come near her with his eyes beaming with joy, and in his own energetic language speak to her of his love and hopes. Was she to be present at the reception of the five monarchs of Paris, it was General Bonaparte who waited for her at the door of the hall to offer his arm, and lead her amid the respectful, retreating, and gently applauding crowd, to her seat, where he stood by her, drawing upon her the attention of all. Did she take a drive, at the accustomed hour, in the Champs Elysees, she was confident soon to see General Bonaparte on his gay horse, gallop up at her side, followed by his brilliant staff, himself the object of public admiration and universal respect, and, finally, if she went to the theatre, General Bonaparte never failed to appear in her *loge*, to remain near her during the performance, and when she left, to offer his arm to accompany her to her carriage.

It could not fail that this persevering homage of the renowned and universally admired young General should make a deep and flattering impression on Josephine's heart, and fill her with pride and joy. But Josephine made resistance to this feeling; she endeavored to shield herself from it by maternal love.

She sent for her children from their respective schools, and with her nearly grown-up son on one side, and her daughter, budding into maidenhood, on the other, she thus presented herself to the General, and with an enchanting smile said: "See, General, how old I am, with a grown-up son and daughter, who can soon make me a grandmother."

But Bonaparte, with a heartfelt emotion, reached his hand to Eugenie and said:

"A man who can call so worthy a youth as this his son is to be envied."

A cunning, smiling expression of the eye revealed to Josephine that he had understood her war stratagem—that neither the grown-up son nor the marriageable daughter could deter him from his object.

Josephine at last was won by so much love and tenderness, but she could not yet acknowledge that the wounds of her heart were closed; that she could trust in happiness, and devote her life to a new love, to a new future. She shrank timidly away from such a shaping of her destiny, and even the persuasions of her friends and relatives—even the father of her deceased husband—could not bring her to a decision.

The state of her mind is depicted in a letter which Josephine wrote to her friend Madame de Chateau Renaud, and which describes in a great measure the strange uncertainty of her heart:

"You have seen General Bonaparte at my house. Well, then, he is the one who wishes to be the father of the orphans of Alexandre de Beauharnais and the husband of his widow. 'Do you love him?' you will ask. Well, no. 'Do you feel any repugnance towards him?' No; but I feel in a state of vacillation and doubt; a state very disagreeable to me, and which the devout in religious matters consider to be the most scandalizing. As love is a kind of worship, one ought in its presence to feel animated by other feelings than those I now experience, and therefore I long for your advice, which might bring the constant indecision of my mind to a fixed conclusion. To adopt a firm course has always appeared to my creole *nonchalance* something beyond reach, and I find it infinitely more convenient to be led by the will of another.

"I admire the courage of the General; I am surprised at his ample knowledge, which enables him to speak fluently on every subject; at the vivacity of his genius, which enables him to guess at the thoughts of others before they are expressed; but I am frightened at the power he seems to exercise over every one who comes near him. His searching look has something strange, which I cannot explain, but which has a controlling influence even upon our directors; judge, therefore, of his influence over a woman. Finally, the very thing which might please—the violence of his passion, of which he speaks with so much energy, and which admits of no doubt—that passion is exactly what creates in me the unwillingness I have so often been ready to express.

"The first bloom of youth lies behind me. Can I therefore hope that this passion, which in General Bonaparte resembles an attack of madness, will last long? If after our union he should cease to love me, would he not reproach me for what he had done? Would he not regret that he had not made another and more brilliant union? What could I then answer? What could I do? I could weep. 'A splendid remedy!' I could hear you say. I know well that weeping is useless, but to weep has been the only resource which I could find when my poor heart, so easily wounded, has been hurt. Write to me a long letter, and do not fear to scold me if you think I am wrong. You know well that everything which comes from you is agreeable to me."

After their marriage and the successful campaign in Italy, the happy pair enjoyed each other's society for a brief time at Montebello, when occurred the following characteristic scene:

All Italy did homage to the conqueror, and it was, therefore, very natural that the sculptors and painters should endeavor to draw some advantage from this enthusiasm for its deliverer, and that they should endeavor to represent to the admirers of Bonaparte his peculiar form of countenance.

But Bonaparte did not like to have his portrait painted. The startling, watchful gaze of an artist was an annoyance to him; it made him restless and anxious, as if he feared that the scrutinizing look at his face might read the secrets of his soul. Yet at Josephine's tender and pressing request he had consented to its being taken by a young painter, Le Gros, whose distinguished talent had been brought to his notice.

Le Gros came, therefore, to Montebello, happy in the thought that he could immortalize himself through a successful portrait of the hero whom he honored with all the enthusiasm of a young heart. But he waited in vain three days for Bonaparte to give him a sitting. The General had not one instant to spare for the unfortunate young artist.

At last, at Josephine's pressing request, Bonaparte consented on the fourth day to sit for him one quarter of an hour after breakfast. Le Gros came, therefore, delighted, at the time appointed, into the cabinet of Josephine, and had his easel ready, awaiting the moment when Bonaparte should sit in the arm-chair opposite. But alas! the painter's hopes were not to be realized. The General could not bring himself to sit in that arm-chair doing nothing but keeping his head quiet, so that the painter might copy his features. He had no sooner been seated than he sprang up suddenly, and declared it was quite impossible to endure such martyrdom.

Le Gros dared not repeat his request, but, with tears in his eyes, gathered up his painting materials. Josephine smiled. "I see very well," said she, "that I must have recourse to some extraordinary means to save for me and for posterity a portrait of the hero of Arcola."

She sat down in her arm-chair, and beckoned to Le Gros to have his easel in readiness. Then with a tender voice she called Napoleon to her, and opening both arms, she drew him down on her lap, and in this way she induced him to sit quietly a few minutes and allow the painter the sight of his face, thus enabling him to sketch his portrait.

At the end of this peculiar sitting, Bonaparte smilingly promised that he would next day grant the painter a second one, provided Josephine would again have the "extraordinary means" ready. She consented, and for four days in succession Le Gros was enabled to stand before him a quarter of an hour and throw upon the canvas the features of the General, while he sat quietly upon Josephine's lap.

The picture which Le Gros thus painted, thanks to the sweet *ruse* of Josephine, and which was scattered throughout Europe in copperplate prints, represented Bonaparte with uncovered head, holding a standard in his hand, and with face turned towards his soldiers, calling them to follow him as he dashed on the bridge of Arcola amid a shower of Austrian bullets.

It is a beautiful and imposing picture, and cotemporaries praise it for its likeness to the hero; but no one could believe that this pale, grave countenance, these gloomy eyes and earnest lips, which seem incapable of a smile, were those of Bonaparte as he sat on the lap of his beloved Josephine when Le Gros was painting it.

An Alleged Cure for the Cattle Plague.

M. Moll, a great agricultural authority in France, writes to the *Journal d'Agriculture Pratique*, that he has received a letter from M. Phillibert, a large land-owner in Southern Russia, which says:—"I am anxious to make known to you that of all the means employed in the numerous experiments I have made to preserve my horned beasts against the cattle plague, sea water given in place of soft water has had, during all the epidemic, complete success. All the animals supplied with sea water were spared by the malady, and yet those were intentionally placed constantly in contact with sick beasts." To show the value of M. Phillibert's testimony, M. Moll states that he has obtained one of the two gold medals given to Russia, in the Exhibition, for wool, that he possesses eighty thousand merino sheep, two thousand to three thousand horned cattle, five hundred to six hundred horses, and that his lands are "situated in the Government of Taurida (the Crimea)—that is to say, in the province in which the cattle-plague originated."

The Musician Wagner.

In England, Wagner's music is little known, and is by no means popular; but in Germany he is regarded as the greatest of all living composers. He is the representative of the most extreme development of the most extreme school of German music. Wagner despises melody, and, believing that Art is superior to Nature, is alone occupied with sound-painting and the large results of mighty harmonic effects. In Munich only are his operas to be heard to advantage; where, under the supervision of Wagner himself, and in the presence of the king, they are given as well as they can be at present. But this music of the future, as it is called, according to Wagner, cannot yet be properly performed. All the opera-houses in Europe are too small to allow his colossal harmonies to be fairly appreciated. New and improved rooms must be built. A generation must be trained in his school, and Wagner's disciples believe that Wagner will be the Handel of the coming century.

Fight Between Wasps and Rats.

A couple of farm servants on a plantation in the southern part of Alabama, who had been asleep in a loft of a large barn, were awakened one morning, recently, by a great commotion in the hay-mow beneath them, and on looking down saw a scene which, probably, is without a parallel.

Swarming in through an open window was a perfect cloud of wasps, who were attacking a young army of rats, whose squealing had aroused the two farm hands.

The rats stood upon their hind legs, in a perfect paroxysm of rage and fear, and gnashed their teeth at the wasps, who stung them remorselessly. The bodies of the rats were terribly swollen by the poison of the insects; and in their rage and fury they turned and bit each other. The hayloft was strewn with the dead bodies of the rats, until at last the survivors fled from the scene and left the wasps masters of the situation.

PINE APPLES.—A caution comes from Havana to lovers of pine apples. The Cuban doctors, who ought to know, say the fruit is bad this year, and cannot safely be eaten, either by invalids or healthful persons.

☞ The authorized Inspector of Milk in Cincinnati, appointed by the Board of Health, made an inspection, some days ago, of the contents of the cans of the milkmen, who supply the inhabitants of the city, and published the result for the information of the people. He gives the names of fifty-two milkmen who had pure milk, of ninety-eight who had milk and water, of nine who had pure and skimmed milk, and of four who had watered, pure and skimmed milk.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

—Much amusement has been created in Kiel, by the publication of the will of a rich old spinster. Here are some interesting paragraphs from the document in question: "To my cat Emmy I bequeath five thousand marks; to my cat Fides four thousand marks; to my poodle Pluto, four thousand five hundred marks. The interest of these sums is to be used by the persons below mentioned on condition that they furnish Fides, Emmy and Pluto with sufficient wholesome food, take good care of them, beware of killing them in a violent manner, and pay the annual dog tax on Pluto."

—It is getting fashionable in Paris to offer pinches and snuff-boxes. All sorts of snuff-box contrivances, both jeweled and inlaid, are seen in ladies' hands. It is to be hoped that this unclean fashion will remain in Paris.

—Hereafter, by the formal decision of the council of ministers, the Austrian Empire is to be officially known as the Austro-Hungarian monarchy.

—A young man named Zephaniah Hendrics, died suddenly in South Bend, Indiana, a few days since, from the effects of a long-continued bath after violent exercise.

—Late accounts from France report the grain crop as already housed, and that notwithstanding the long drought, it is large and of fine quality. In Belgium, also, the wheat is all but ready for cutting, with the best prospects, and throughout all Germany and Hungary the same accounts prevail of fine weather, plenty, and falling prices.

—The rage for bird-singing contests is on the increase throughout the north of France and Belgium, and considerable bets change hands. The poor winged performers in this brutal amusement are first deprived of their sight by a red-hot iron passed over their eyes, and then confined in diminutive cages, in dark cellars, for fifteen days before the trial. Their removal into the fresh air and the rays of the sun causes them to give utterance to their joy in song, on which their proprietors bet—some for length of song, others for the various melodies performed.

—On Monday last, Mr. George Jennings, of North Wilton, Conn., while going through the cavalry exercise with a sabre, accidentally struck his little six-year old son upon the neck, nearly severing the head from the body. When the horrified father saw what he had done, he attempted to commit suicide, but was restrained by the neighbors.

—A number of young blackguards have been amusing themselves by throwing mud at well-dressed people frequenting one of the most fashionable thoroughfares of the Hague. The patience of the Dutch is proverbial, but the persons aggrieved at last entered a complaint with the Superintendent of Police. That official after due deliberation, issued the following notice:—"Certain evil disposed persons having insulted respectable citizens by throwing mud at them, the latter are recommended to wear their shabbiest garments, in order to remove all cause of offence." The result of this judicious compromise is not announced.

—An English jury recently found a tailor guilty of a petty theft, and he was sentenced to three months' imprisonment with hard labor. It has since transpired that, so far from finding the prisoner guilty, the jury was unanimous in the belief that he was innocent, and the foreman was charged with the delivery of a verdict accordingly, but that when he stood up to reply to the formal questions of the clerk of the court, the unfortunate man lost his presence of mind, and delivered a verdict of guilty, and the prisoner was consigned to jail in the presence of the jury, who were too frightened to interfere.

—Queen Victoria reached Paris on the 5th. She was received by the Empress Eugenie, and proceeded to the Tuilleries. The Queen leaves Paris for Switzerland.

—Gen. Sheridan was fined $100 by Judge Tholen at Leavenworth, Kansas, on the 6th, for assault, in forcibly ejecting Postmaster Dunn from the Military Reserve. Generals Gibbs and McKeever, Lieut. Levy and Corporal Lee were also fined for assault. The defendants have appealed.

—The latest returns from Kentucky indicate a Democratic majority of 80,000.

—Gov. Warmouth, in his official requisition upon the President for a military force to secure peace in Louisiana, says he believes a bloody revolution is meditated in that State, and that 150 men have been murdered there in the last month and a half. He says the mob which recently threatened the Legislature was only prevented from re-enacting the scenes of 1866 by the presence of U. S. troops. Without giving Gov. Warmouth's messenger any official assurance, the President expressed the opinion that the course pursued in Tennessee would be adopted in Louisiana and the other Southern states, namely, that upon proper application, the Federal troops, of which there are a sufficient number in the South, would be used, under Federal control, for the suppression of disorders.

In the Louisiana Senate, on the 7th, Senator Jewell offered a resolution that a committee should be appointed to wait on Gov. Warmouth and ascertain from him the time and place of the one hundred and fifty murders which he says has been committed in the last six weeks, and also to obtain the letter from the District Attorney alluding to the charges of indiscriminate murder of men, women and children in the Eighth Judicial District. Mr. Jewell followed in a speech bitterly denouncing the Governor.

—The Florida Legislature has passed, over the Governor's veto, a bill giving the members one year's salary for service from June to December, and has adjourned until November 3d, when both Houses have resolved to choose Presidential electors in joint convention.

—The Alabama House has concurred in the Senate bill removing the disabilities of persons not allowed to vote by the State Constitution. The Senate has passed the bill giving the election of Presidential electors to the Legislature.

—Jefferson Davis was on 'Change at Liverpool, on the 7th, and was loudly cheered.

—The great peach orchards on the east shore of Lake Michigan are loaded with fine fruit, which will begin to reach the market next week. The peach yield this year will be at least double that of any previous year. The total quantity is variously estimated at between half a million and a million of baskets.

☞ Bayard Taylor, who is now sojourning at Gotha, the place of residence of his wife's parents, will return to America in a few weeks, to be present at the golden wedding of his parents, at Kennet Square, Chester county, Pa., on the 8th of October.

☞ One day, some one said of a very handsome woman whose feet were immense: "She's very pretty, but she upsets completely the ordinary system of measurement, by proving that two feet make a yard."

☞ "It seems as though I'd never get square with that grand jury," remarked a disconsolate rogue; "they never gets together without bringin' in a little *bill* ag'n me."

Brilliancy of Complexion is desirable in a lady; and for the preservation of it *Hagnell's Kalliston* is guaranteed to be a most powerful auxiliary. Inflammation from sunburn, and the dryness caused by the wind and air, is remedied by its application. It softens the skin, and is admirably adapted for gentleman's use after shaving.

The Heated Term.

August is invariably an unhealthy month, and the dog-days are universally quoted as an unhealthy season. Diseases more frequently terminate fatally at this time than at any other, owing to the relaxation of the system. This is, therefore, the proper time to use a remedy that will recuperate the strength and fortify the system against the attacks of disease. Experience has demonstrated the fact that HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS is the best medicine used to accomplish this desirable object. By its use the appetite is increased, digestion promoted, all feelings of depression removed, and the vital functions restored. The afflicted should avoid all pernicious alcoholic preparations purporting to be tonics and restoratives, as they only afford temporary exhilaration, and eventually entail dangerous, if not fatal, results. This is never the case with HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. They afford permanent benefit and soothe the nerves without reaction following their use. The weak and debilitated, by its aid, awake to a sense of the enjoyments of life, and they are enabled once more to take their accustomed positions in society. HOSTETTER'S BITTERS are now considered the standard remedy for all diseases arising from an impurity of the blood. They are manufactured in great quantities, and there is scarcely a city or hamlet on the habitable globe where they may not be found. aug15-2t

Fits! Fits! Fits! Fits

HANCE'S EPILEPTIC PILLS.

Persons laboring under this distressing malady, will find the *Vegetable Epileptic Pills* to be the only remedy ever discovered for curing

EPILEPSY, OR FALLING FITS.

Is there a Cure for Epilepsy?

The Subjoined will Answer.

GRENADA, Miss., June 20—*Seth S. Hance:*—Dear Sir: You will find enclosed five dollars, which I send you for two boxes of your Epileptic Pills.

I was the first person who tried your Pills in this part of the country. My son was badly afflicted with fits for two years. I wrote and received two boxes of your Pills, which he took agreeably to your directions. *He has never had a fit since.*

It was through my persuasion that Mr. Lyon tried your Pills. His case was a very bad one; he had fits nearly all his life, or at least a good many years. Persons have written to me from Alabama and Tennessee on the subject, for the purpose of ascertaining my opinion in regard to your Pills. I have always recommended them, and in no instance where I have had a chance of hearing from their effect have they failed to cure. Yours, &c. C. H. GUY,

Grenada, Yalabusha county, Miss.

Sent to any part of the country, by mail, free of postage, on receipt of a remittance. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md.—Price, box, $2; 2, $3; 12, $17. CUT THIS OUT.

aug1-eow10t

Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible as a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

BILE.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.

mar16-eow-tf

"It Works like a Charm."

Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Headache!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Toothache!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Neuralgia!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Cholera Morbus!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Rheumatism!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Lameness!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Skin Diseases!

Sold by Druggists, Merchants and Grocers.

WILLIAM RENNE sole Proprietor,
Pittsfield, Mass.

For sale in Philadelphia by Johnson, Holloway & Cowden, 602 Arch street. my30-3m

Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

The only RELIABLE REMEDY for these known DISCOLORATIONS on the face is "*Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion.*" Prepared only by DR. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond street, New York.

☞ Sold everywhere. sp11-6m

The Rowen Microscope,

Magnifying 500 *times, mailed* for 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN,
Box 220, Boston, Mass.
je27-tf

ONE OUNCE OF GOLD will be given for every ounce of adulteration found in "B. T. Babbitt's Lion Coffee." This Coffee is roasted, ground and sealed "hermetically," under letters patent from the United States Government. All the "Aroma" is saved, and the Coffee presents a rich, glossy appearance. Every family should use it, as it is fifteen to twenty per cent. stronger than other pure "Coffee." One can in every twenty contains a One Dollar Greenback. For sale everywhere. Henry C. Kellogg, Agent at Philadelphia. feb22-1y

WE should not suffer from a cough, which a few doses of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL will cure. Time, comfort, health, are all saved by it. aug8-2t

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.—The effect of this peerless salve is truly wonderful; cases of scald head, sores and scorbutic eruptions, that had defied every other means, yield in a few days to its cleansing and healing powers.

A LITTLE scratch, or a slight cut, from inattention, often is productive of serious consequences. An effectual remedy is found in Redding's RUSSIA SALVE, known as the best application for burns, scalds, chilblains, boils, old sores, and all diseases of the skin. Sold everywhere. By mail, 35 cents a box. Redding & Co., Boston.

30 GALLONS OF WHISKEY for $1. Send 10 cents to Box 14, Port Deposit, Maryland. aug13-2t

LITTLE PAT AND THE PARSON.

He stands at the door of the church peeping in,
No troublesome beadle is near him;
The preacher is talking of sinners and sin,
And little Pat trembles to hear him;

A poor little fellow alone and forlorn,
Who never knew parent or duty;
His head is uncovered, his jacket is torn,
And hunger has withered his beauty.

The white-headed gentleman shut in the box,
Seems growing more angry each minute;
He doubles his fist and the cushion he knocks,
As if anxious to know what is in it.

He scolds at the people who sit in the pews,—
Pat takes them for kings and princesses;
(With his little bare feet—he delights in their shoes;
In his rage he feels proud of their dresses!)

The parson exhorts them to think of their need,
To turn from the world's dissipation,
The naked to clothe, and the hungry to feed,—
Pat listens with strong approbation!

And when the old clergyman walks down the aisle,
Pat runs up to meet him right gladly,
"Shure, give me my dinner!" says he with a smile,
"And a jacket, I want them quite badly."

The kings and princesses indignantly stare,
The beadle gets word of the danger,
And, shaking his silver-tipped stick in the air,
Looks knives at the poor little stranger.

But Pat's not afraid, he is sparkling with joy,
And cries,—who so willing to cry it?
"You'll give me my dinner,—I'm such a poor boy:
You said so,—now don't you deny it."

The pompous old beadle may grumble and glare,
And growl about robbers and arson;
But the boy who has faith in the sermon stands there,
And smiles at the white-headed parson!

The kings and princesses may wonder and frown,
And whisper he wants better teaching;
But the white-headed parson looks tenderly down
On the boy who has faith in his preaching.

He takes him away without question or blame,
As eager as Patsy to press on,
For he thinks a good dinner (and Pat thinks the same)
Is the moral that lies in the lesson.

And after long years, when Pat, handsomely dress't,—
A smart footman,—is asked to determine
Of all earthly things what's the thing he likes best?
He says, "Och! shure, the master's ould sermin!"

HOW A CASTLE WAS TAKEN IN

THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR.

Frederick the Great was not very great. He had the shrewdest, soundest sense, the strongest will, the directest purpose, but no genius and no enthusiasm. He wrote a refutation of Machiavelli in his youth, and practised Machiavellianism all his life after. His mind was narrow and low, but eager and intense, perspicacious rather than sagacious. Prosaic—the most prosaic of men—he yet loved music and wrote verses. As he deemed Voltaire the divinest of poets, and the Henriade the divinest of poems, what but the worst verses ever scribbled could those of Frederick be? Hard, Frederick was not heartless—capable of friendship, yet not mourning very bitterly or very long the loss of his friends—fiercely, sometimes perversely inflexible, never wantonly cruel. As Napoleon was called, jocularly and affectionately, the Little Corporal, so Frederick might in all seriousness be called the Big Corporal. He had the corporal's strictness, the corporal's pedantry, the corporal's notions, and the corporal's conscience. As a military leader he was the Big Corporal—the Big Corporal no less as a political ruler. To him the army and the nation were alike machines. What of war is rigidly mathematical, he improved—nothing more; for he had no inventiveness, no sudden inspirations, no grand conceptions. With a larger and more generous nature, he might have been the regenerator of Germany, the creator of German Unity. He contented himself with founding a bureaucracy the most rigid and odious—with shamelessly robbing Maria Theresa—with suggesting and greedily profiting from that incomparable infamy, the dismemberment of Poland. When placed beside Cæsar, Charlemagne, and Bonaparte, Frederick looks small enough. If he was free from many of their defects, it was mainly from the poverty and puniness of his character. On the whole, he was the most respectable pedagogue that ever preached to mankind with dull books and bright bayonets.

However depreciating our estimate of Frederick may be, it is impossible not to admire the courage and the constancy he displayed in the Seven Years' War. It is with the first blow struck in that memorable war that we propose to occupy the present sketch. Both through his mother and his grandmother, Frederick had the blood of Mary Stuart in his veins. Fitting and well is it, therefore, that the most gifted of all his living historians is a Scotchman. We enter into no rivalry with that man of genius, in attempting the delineation of an episode which has of itself an independent interest. Moreover, in order that we may not be accused of partiality, we shall do little more than reproduce the account of a German writer.

Late in the summer of 1756, the war began. Lieutenant-General Von Custnitz was ordered by the King of Prussia to leave Silesia, and, with the regiments under his command, to march to Bischofswerder, and there join another division of the army. Among those regiments were the Natzmer and Szekuly Hussars, that were more specially charged to advance upon Copitz, where the Saxon army was concentrating.

Barring their arduous path, was the mountain fastness of Stolpe. How the fortress was to be dealt with became an important and pressing question. Colonel Szekuly, whose regiment led the way, made halt on approaching the fortress, to consult and decide with his staff on the matter. By a circuitous route the fortress could be left aside altogether. But this mode of solving the problem had a cowardly and dishonorable look. There was a bolder, directer, more perilous alternative, namely, to advance to the foot of the hill. Here a safe position could be taken, for the balls fired from the fortress would pass over the heads of the soldiers, permitting preparations for what might be deemed the best fashion of assault. This scheme found favor, its warmest advocate being Lieutenant-Colonel Von Warnery, between whom, however, and the Colonel Szekuly, there was much bad blood. Warnery was frank, bold and generous, quick to resolve, intrepid to execute. Full of hatred, and altogether hateful, Szekuly was morose, envious, had as little as possible of the good man and the good fellow. He detested the lieutenant-colonel because the latter was incomparably his superior in everything; and he called him his death-bird, as his probable successor, if he himself were killed.

While the officers were discussing the two fashions of dealing with the difficulty, Warnery offered to ride to the fortress, and to occupy the commandant with proposals and negotiations for the surrender thereof, till the troops were safe from cannon range. Every one saw the rashness and the risk of the attempt; but herein for Warnery was its irresistible charm. It was always what was extraordinary and daring which attracted him. If the commandant of the fortress were to detect the device whereby it was intended to befool him, the peril to Warnery was not small. For this very reason, however, Szekuly gave, with a malignant smile, an eager consent. "Then I accompany you," cried Major Von Bajar, who knew well what that cruel smile meant. "Your offer I gladly accept," answered Warnery; "and I shall take with me in addition, only a trumpeter and a hussar." "It is advisable, however," rejoined Bajar, "that the colonel should send, as soon after us as can be done without attracting attention, an officer and twenty hussars; for we ought to be prepared for unexpected contingencies." Szekuly nodded approval and consent.

Not many minutes had elapsed before the four horsemen were seen riding up the steep, bearing the white flag, symbol of a request for a peaceful interview. The whole of his plan, so audacious and so perilous, Warnery had not revealed to any one, not even to his brave companion, Major Von Bajar. A soldier was coming from the fortress when the horsemen drew near. Warnery entered into conversation with him. The soldier, a simple, unsuspecting creature, thought apparently that the troopers before him were friends, not foes, and answered readily and garrulously the questions put to him. According to him, the fortress had a garrison of only forty men, besides some invalids, and eight artillerymen. But the fortress was amply supplied with war material and well provisioned. "The firearms," said the soldier, guilelessly, "are not all loaded; but the soldiers have plenty of cartridges, if they want them. Why, however, should the soldiers keep their muskets loaded? The abominable Prussians are still a long way off; and the commandant plays cards at his ease with the two other officers in the fortress." The poor soul laughed an honest and hearty laugh, as if he had uttered something witty. "You are right," exclaimed Warnery, laughing in his turn, and seemingly entering into the fun. "The abominable Prussians are still a long way off, and till they come, the officers in the fortress can have many a good game at cards." "I think so too," replied the soldier, the color of whose nose indicated that his love of brandy was as great as his natural stupidity. He made the customary salute and went carelessly on his way.

Plunged in deep and anxious thought, Warnery rode on. Bajar did not disturb him, for the concentration of Warnery's look, and the occasional twitching of a muscle showed that he was maturing some plan in his mind. A mechanic, employed in the fortress, came next into sight. Dexterously, Warnery submitted him to a series of interrogations, and the replies confirmed what the soldier had so freely communicated. Warnery raised his head proudly with an air of courage and delight. His plan was now ready, and the four horsemen rode on at a quicker and a gayer pace. Suddenly their course was arrested by a barrier, which was at once let down, while two soldiers with fixed bayonets placed themselves on guard. On both sides there was great surprise; but with Warnery the surprise did not last long. He seized a pistol from the holster, and commanded the soldiers, in a firm voice, to throw their arms into the ditch of the fortress, and to run as fast as they could down the hill, if they did not wish to be taken prisoners by the advancing Prussians. The mention of the Prussians had a magical effect. Not long did the soldiers ponder or hesitate. They threw their arms into the deep ditch, raised the barrier, and hurried down the hill, as if running were a luxury they were for the first time enjoying.

From Warnery's words, it was plain that he confidently believed that the twenty hussars, who, by arrangement, were to follow, were close behind. How could he suspect that the mean and cowardly Szekuly would countermand the order for the advance of the hussars, and would leave the brave Warnery and his companions to their fate? Warnery had forbidden, on pain of death, the two sentinels to return to the fortress. They neither needed the prohibition nor the threat: for they were in the mood to get as far away from the fortress as possible.

On went the four horsemen, and quickly came to another barrier. Behind the barrier was a drawbridge, in a state of comfortable rest, as if to make the entrance of an enemy easier. Much was the sentinel startled at the sight of the horsemen; and he rushed, with the intention of pulling the string of a small alarm bell, to put on their guard those in the fortress. Warnery, who had always right thoughts at the right time, drew in a moment his sharp sabre, and cut the string in two; and the soldier looked bewildered enough when one end of it remained dangling in his hand. His musket rested on the sentry-box, and he was about to seize it, when Warnery, waving his sabre menacingly, said, sternly—

"Throw, this instant, your musket into the ditch; for, if you do not, your head will roll down thither sooner than your musket." When the soldier heard this, and saw the waving sabre, and the fiercely sparkling eyes of the officer, his decision was swift, and the musket took the road Warnery had prescribed. "Now," proceeded Warnery, "scamper off with the best dispatch, otherwise the advancing Prussians will take you prisoner, and other things may befall you, not of a pleasant kind. Down the hill, at your utmost speed, I say; and if you come back, your head will take a journey to join your gun." The soldier was not slow in understanding distinct words, uttered with such grim emphasis. He darted down the hill and took good care not to look back; no hints or homilies required he about the value of his life to himself and society.

Warnery's hussar raised the barrier, and the four horsemen were about to continue their daring path, when Warnery, who had a voice as loud and strong as that of a bear, thundered out, "Quick march!" believing that the twenty hussars were quite near, and were eager to follow. This command could not reach the ears of the twenty hussars, for, by Szekuly's order they had returned to the regiment. Yet the words were not without their effect—though a different one from that which Warnery had expected. By this time, the four horsemen had arrived at the open gate of the fortress, almost ere aware of it, as they were wholly unacquainted with the place. The guard at the gate consisted of invalids. When the corporal commanding the guard heard Warnery shout "Quick march," he was greatly confused and bewildered, and gazed helplessly at the Prussians whom he saw before him. Warnery did not give the corporal time to recover from his amazement, but forced him, by placing a pistol to his breast, to retreat into the guard-room to his comrades. Immediately Warnery sprang from his horse, shut the guard-room door, and ordered his hussar to throw into the ditch of the fortress the muskets of the guard, which were leaning on the wall, under the gateway. When this was done, he commanded the soldiers of the guard to come out, one by one, fling their ammunition into the ditch, and, if they value their life, swiftly disappear down the hill with no thoughts of returning. The trembling invalids preferred, as was natural, freedom to captivity, and rapidly withdrew from perilous proximity to the balls and sabres of the Prussians. Warnery now placed his hussar on guard at the gate with the definite instruction to shoot down or cut down every one who attempted to enter, the twenty hussars, of course, excepted.

So far, everything had most miraculously succeeded, to the astonishment of Bajar, who had observed Warnery's doings in silence.

"What next?" asked Bajar, in a voice not much above a whisper, and as if speaking to himself.

"Come on, friend," cried Warnery; "all will go well." Thereupon, he gave spurs to his horse, swept across the parade-ground to the house occupied by the commandant, and ordered the trumpeter to sound the alarm. In shrill tones the signal was sounded, and, as if struck by lightning, the commandant, General Von Liebenau, sprang up, ran to the window, and saw with immense wonder the two officers and the trumpeter, who went on sounding the alarm lustily.

When Liebenau had somewhat recovered from his amazement, he cried, in a violent tone,

"Who gave you *permission* to enter the fortress, which, as you know well, belongs to the King of Poland, my gracious master?"

"I thought no great mischief was done, as nobody barred my approach," said Warnery, with the smile and the accent of good nature and good fellowship; "besides, I have important communications from Field-Marshal Gesler for your Excellence, which I respectfully entreat you to receive."

Accompanied by no one but a servant, Liebenau descended. Warnery and Liebenau saluted each other, but Warnery soon changed his tone and his language.

"You are my prisoner," said he, sternly; "give me your sword. You are my prisoner, and the prisoner of the King of Prussia, to whom, from this moment, belongs this fortress, which I have seized in fair warfare." Liebenau was not exactly the kind of man to submit with the meekness of a lamb. He furiously shouted, "Shoot them down!" These words were addressed to the main guard, posted in a sort of vaulted chamber near, beyond the range of Warnery's glance. The soldiers sprang to their arms, and rushed up the steps. Warnery saw that the promptest decision was needful. He must complete an enterprise, rash, even to madness, or be ignominiously vanquished. Boldly, swiftly, vigorously, he must act, or all was lost. Each of Warnery's hands was immediately armed with a pistol. The one he fired at Liebenau, who fell dead without a groan, while the other he pointed mechanically at the guard.

The shot which cost the governor his life—the first in the Seven Years' War—confounded and discouraged the soldiers, who, with a total disregard of conscience, duty, and honor, laid down their arms. They did not wait for a repetition of Warnery's command—that they were to leave the fortress without delay.

Warnery had taken the fortress, but—how, bravely and advantageously, to keep it, was a troublesome question. The twenty hussars did not arrive. This awkward contrariety, Warnery was unable to account for. Every moment his impatience and indignation increased. If the soldiers and the invalids went to the nearest post of the enemy, some hostile troops might speedily appear, and the fortress might be torn from his valiant hand as suddenly as he had won it. He had sent the trumpeter to quicken the march of the lingering hussars; but the trumpeter returned not. Forthwith he despatched Major Von Bajar on the same errand. But the major did not return any more than the trumpeter. Matters looked very dubious and dark; for he and the hussar at the gate formed the whole garrison of the conquered fortress.

The prolonged absence of the trumpeter and the major is easily explained. Both of them had gone straight and fast to Colonel Szekuly, and each of them had told the story of Warnery's marvellous achievement. Szekuly laughed with bitterest mockery. He suspected a stratagem of the enemy, and that the major and the trumpeter had been bribed or frightened into instruments of the stratagem. He neither therefore sent any succor, nor allowed the major and the trumpeter to go back. How desperate was thus Warnery's situation! His impatience and indignation broke into the wildest wrath. With the most resolute determination—rather to perish than lose his conquest—he took his position in the midst of the parade ground. Around him was the stillness of death. As no one came into sight, and it becoming evident that not a soul remained in the fortress, except himself, he rode forth to the first barrier. Here, he saw a hussar, whom he despatched to Colonel Von Puttkammer—earnestly imploring help.

At what Lancashire people call the edge the dark, Puttkammer appeared, with thirty hussars, and made sure the conquest which was the work of one man's daring and sagacity. The gain was not a small one, for, besides twelve cannon, there was in the fortress a large supply of ammunition along with provisions of every kind. The first shot fired in the Seven Years' War laid a brave man low; but for this, the capture of the fortress would have been as amusing as it was brilliant. At all events, Warnery had not to wait long for the recompense of his astonishing feat, though adventures of the kind were not quite in harmony with Frederick the Second's style of soldiering.

The substantial truth of the history there is no reason to question. But the German author has forgotten to tell us what became of the two officers who played cards with the Commandant. Did they conveniently vanish into space? Or were they, from the beginning, mythical personages? Perhaps it is not wise, when we chance upon an entertaining episode, to be too critical; and there have been many incidents in war quite as extraordinary as Warnery's conquest of the mountain fastness, Stolpe.

AGAIN.

Oh, sweet and fair! oh, rich and rare!
That day so long ago,
The autumn sunshine everywhere,
The heather all a-glow,
The ferns were clad in cloth of gold,
The waves sang on the shore;
Such suns will shine, such waves will sing,
Forever, evermore.

Oh, fit and few! oh, tried and true!
The friends who met that day,
Each one the other's spirit knew;
And so in earnest play
The hours flew past, until at last
The twilight kissed the shore;
We said, "Such days shall come again
Forever, evermore."

One day again, no cloud of pain
A shadow o'er us cast,
And yet we strove in vain, in vain,
To conjure up the past;
Like, but unlike the sun that shone,
The waves that beat the shore,
The words we said, the songs we sung,
Like—unlike—evermore.

For ghosts unseen crept in between,
And, when our songs flowed free,
Sang discords in an undertone
And marred the harmony.
"The past is ours, not yours," they said,
"The waves that beat the shore,
Though like the same, are not the same,
Oh! never, never more!"

The Tintoretto of the Nineteenth Century.

About eighteen years ago there appeared, one day, at the editorial office of the *Charivari*, the famous humorous paper of Paris, a youth in a more than humble costume, in order to present a letter of recommendation, and to offer at the same time a sketch to be inserted in the aforesaid journal.

How joyfully beamed his deep black eyes when the editor, after reading the letter, accepted the sketch, although he was unable to conceal a slight shrug, and caused twenty-five francs to be paid to him.

"I wonder if this youth has breakfasted to-day," said an acquaintance of the editor, who happened to be present, after the youth had left the room.

"There are, unfortunately, plenty of such unknown and unappreciated geniuses," replied Hunt, who, although himself a newspaper writer, since he had become a publisher had assumed the manners with which a great many French publishers think they must treat artists as yet unknown to fame.

Five years afterward the same young man informed the editor of the Charivari that he could no longer furnish any drawings for that paper, unless twelve, instead of ten louis d'ors were paid him for each of them. The wonderful skill and productivity of the artist had meanwhile become so generally known that he was the most popular newspaper illustrator of France.

Many of my respected readers, I am sure, have already divined of whom I am speaking. The artist is, of course, no other than Gustave Dore. Already in his earliest youth, there were unmistakable manifestations of his wonderful talents, and from his fifth year forward drawing was his favorite occupation. Born at Strasburg, as the son of a poor engineer, who was infatuated enough to deplore the wonderful talents of his son, and pronounced the pains he bestowed on drawing and painting a foolish waste of time, Gustave Dore came to Paris in 1846, in his thirteenth year; and already from the following year date his first newspaper illustrations, which were published in a manuscript journal edited by the pupils of Charlemagne College. The poverty of his family compelled him to abandon his project of attending the lectures of the Polytechnic School, and when the revolutionary storms of 1848 added to the distress of his family, he found himself penniless on the much-abused *pave de Paris*, which, for all that, has given birth to so many great men.

Dore's lead-pencil now became the only source by which he earned a living. But while he used it principally in drawing sketches for the humorous papers of Paris, he also devoted a great deal of attention and labor to the study of his art. Only it must not be believed that he followed the old, beaten track, and chose a certain master to guide his steps. His entirely original and independent nature did not admit of anything of the kind. His studies, on the contrary, consisted exclusively of independent observations: and hence his manner of representing nature and men belongs to him alone.

It is a difficult task to describe Dore's talent. At an age when many others just enter upon their artistic career, he has arrived at a degree of perfection for which many a great master might envy him. His landscapes are bold, fantastic, and yet not unreal; his sombre forests have a mysterious depth, his gorges in the rocks excite terror, his moon-lit deserts, with their dense thickets of thorns and creepers, fill us with awe, and his representations of grand natural scenes with profound admiration. In his paintings and drawings, containing human figures, he exhibits, on one hand so much grotesque and often biting humor, that we never look at them without discovering fresh ludicrous features in them; and, on the other hand, so much sweetness and loveliness that nothing could surpass them in this respect; and, finally, so chaste and dignified a style that we are almost at a loss to understand how the pencil can have been wielded by the same hand which furnished so many laughable illustrations to the "Journal pour rire." Thus we do not know what we are to admire most warmly in this wonderful wizard; the originality and perfection of his creations or his unparalleled productiveness.

The first great work which Dore published were his illustrations to the writings of Rabelais, the first step leading to the pinnacle of the fame which he now enjoys; they were published in 1853, and the number of productions which the great artist has issued since then, drawings, sketches, woodcuts, and oil-paintings, is almost incredible. He himself does not know the total number of his works. In 1864 an enthusiastic English connoisseur advertised in the Paris papers that he wished to obtain a complete catalogue of all of Gustave Dore's works. This wish was of course, immediately brought to the artist's notice; but he at that time declared with a shrug that he was unable to fulfill it, for he himself knew only that he had made from fifteen to twenty thousand drawings, but he was utterly unable to furnish further detail. Truly, a productiveness which renders all myths concerning Rubens more than probable. For all that Dore, although he has amassed greater wealth than the greatest German painters ever were able to do, has remained the most modest and unassuming man in the world. Here is a striking example of this trait of his:

A few years ago there suddenly arose in Paris the rumor that Dore, despite the fabulous number of works which he had finished, had in his desk still another large work consisting of several hundred sheets. Nobody thought this could be true; for, although it was generally known that the young artist was almost incessantly at work in his studio, it seemed utterly impossible that, what with innumerable sketches, drawings, paintings, etc., which he had already given to the public, his pencil should have been able to create such an extensive production. He himself strenuously denied the existence of such a work. And yet the voices which, even in his presence insisted on it, could not be silenced, and some one must have committed an indiscretion, for one morning Mame, the Tour's publisher, rushed into his studio, exclaiming:

"You have illustrated the Bible—the illustrations are mine—ask for them whatever you please!"

The scene now ensuing seems to have been taken from a comedy—denials on one side and assertions to the contrary on the other. Finally Dore owns up everything, and even condescends to show the illustrations to the publisher—however, only on the condition that M. Mame should no longer talk about publishing them.

"You see," he said, "an illustrated Bible, and moreover, one illustrated by me, would be regarded by the public as a downright profanation. Everybody knows that I am a child of the world in the full sense of the word. People would, perhaps, forgive me for drawing a saint's picture, but the whole Bible! Prejudice would frustrate the success of the undertaking at the issue of the very first number."

"But tell me, for God's sake, when did you do all this? There are upwards of two hundred sheets here!" exclaimed Mame.

In my leisure hours, between twelve and three in the night time. Nobody will believe that I seek and find my whole creative genius as an artist in the Bible. With what shouts of laughter Paris would greet the news that Gustave Dore longs with all his heart for the moment when he will not paint anything but religious pictures. The limner of caricature in the Charivari paints Madonnas! You say that it is impossible. I have drawn these engravings for myself, and not for the public; I have been at work upon them for ten years, night after night; and whenever I had a spare hour I made the necessary studies at the Louvre. Look at the drawings; they are better than anything I have done yet; but you yourself must see that it would be rank folly to publish them as a whole."

Dore resisted this tempting offer for months; but he accepted it finally, stipulating, however, that the engravings should be made under his supervision. As he had predicted, both the public and the critics indulged in sneering remarks as soon as the work was announced; but as soon as it appeared, they lauded it to the skies, and pronounced it a great event in the history of art. The first edition of three thousand copies was sold before a single copy had appeared in the hands of the retail dealers, and yet each copy costs in France two hundred francs.

But M. Mame no longer listened to what Dore was saying; for upward of an hour he was absorbed in examining this gigantic work, and when he rose, he stepped up to the artist and said to him the following words:

"Do not screw me up, my dear Dore—I am entirely in your power. I must have this work; it would be disgraceful for me not to publish it; ask whatever you please; I shall ruin myself if you insist on it; but these drawings engraved on wood are not worth more than four hundred thousand francs."

NOT PARTICULAR.—Those who remember Captain Magruder as a captain of artillery at Newport, will enjoy the following: "In 1863, Magruder, then a Confederate general, had camped at a comfortable place and made his headquarters at a country house with broad, cool verandahs. Dinner for himself and staff was placed on the table, when a reckless young Kentuckian passed by, looked at the spread, and, liking it, quietly sat down, regardless of the company, and began to eat. 'My friend,' said Magruder, sternly, 'do you know in whose company you are dining?' 'Company?' replied Kentucky. 'No, I used to be very particular about company, but since I got to be a soldier I don't care a red who I eat with.'"

☞ The weakest living creature, by concentrating his powers on a single object, can accomplish something; the strongest, by dispersing his over many, may fail to accomplish anything. The drop, by continual falling, bores its passage through the hardest rock—the hasty torrent rushes over it, and leaves no trace behind.

☞ At a Sunday-school, lately, a bright little fellow was asked, "What is conscience?" "An inward monitor," was the reply. "And what is a monitor?" "One of the iron-clads."

CUI BONO?

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

A harmless fellow, wasting useless days,
Am I: I love my comfort and my leisure:
Let those who wish them, toil for gold and praise;
To me this summer day brings more of pleasure.

So, here upon the grass I lie at ease,
While solemn voices from the past are calling,
Mingled with rustling whispers in the trees,
And pleasant sounds of water idly falling.

There was a time when I had higher aims
Than thus to be among the flowers, and listen
To lisping birds, or watch the sunset's flames
On the broad river's surface glow and glisten.

There was a time, perhaps, when I had thought
To make a name, a home, a bright existence;
But time has shown me that my dreams were naught
Save a mirage that vanished with the distance.

Well, it is gone; I care no longer now
For fame, for fortune, or for empty praises:
Rather than wear a crown upon my brow,
I'd lie for ever here among the daisies.

So, you, who wish for fame, good friend, pass by;
With you I surely cannot think to quarrel:
Give me peace, rest, this bank whereon I lie,
And spare me both the labor and the laurel!

Flirting With a Ghost.

Two years ago I landed at Panama, on my route from California to the Atlantic states. The voyage down the Western coast had been remarkably delightful, the sea being glassy and unruffled, with just enough roll upon it to add to the romance and keep up the sensation of motion and progress, without disturbing the health or rest of the most feeble or susceptible; the air warm and bracing; the company on board so constituted as to afford a union of many pleasant elements; the officers capable and obliging; in fact, everything combining in an unusual degree to impart social entertainment, physical comfort, security and confidence. Day after day, as we forged rapidly onward past the not distant shore, the hours were given up to mirth, song and humor, so that many of us soon began to look forward with regret to the approaching termination of a voyage which had established so many genial intimacies and would leave behind it such very satisfying recollections.

I was not alone, having under my charge a young lady of about seventeen. She was on her way to finish her education at some celebrated New York boarding-school; and as she was lively and agreeable, and I stood indebted to her parents for many past attentions, I cheerfully accepted the trust of becoming her escort. She was not exactly beautiful. If I were now writing a fiction, and therefore, without violence to conscience, could give full vent to my imagination, nothing would please me better than to describe, in glowing and enthusiastic colors, her many personal attractions, making them all unite, after the usual style, in a creation of surpassing loveliness. But being about to narrate a circumstance which in its more surprising incidents may well challenge close attention and scrutiny, I feel that I cannot allow myself to depart from the exact truth in even the most unimportant detail or accessory. I must therefore confess that she was not beautiful. She had handsome hair and teeth, a pure complexion, a well-shaped face and pleasant expression, a properly proportioned figure, rather below than above the average height, and small hands and feet. These were her only physical claims to attraction. But I must further admit that she made up for any deficiencies with a gracefulness of manner and a sprightliness of conversation which rendered her almost bewitching, and almost invariably at once gave her the advantage in social popularity over those who were esteemed her superiors in mere beauty of feature or outline. Moreover, she was the most consummate flirt I had ever met with.

No one blamed her for that, since it was certain that she could not help it. It was born in her to attract, and it would have required too much self-denial not to make the best and fullest use of her advantages. She would have flirted with her grandfather had there been no other victim at hand; and the old fellow would doubtless have succumbed within the hour, and anathematized the relics of the old Mosaic law forbidding marriages in the direct ascending or descending line. And I must not forget to state that she was not one of your common flirts, who compel surrender by old, stale tricks of conversation or manner—tricks which are well known to all, and only succeed because they have been wont to succeed, and men are too lazy to avoid the snares so palpably set before them. She never made great eyes at any one; or sought for introductions with display of enthusiastic encomiums, sure to be repeated, as they were meant to be; or inveigled timid men into corners and there flattered them into boldness; or, with wily devices, stole away the cavaliers of other maidens; or took pains to dance herself into notice. Her voice was low, her manner and actions retiring and unassuming; and there was nothing in what she ever said or did on account of which the slightest offence could be taken. But it was remarkable that she was never thrown into any company without being speedily its acknowledged belle and the centre of all attraction. How she did it I could hardly tell; I have even now no more than a mere suspicion. To the best of my knowledge, it was partly her eyes that did it, for she had a 'cute, queer little way of looking at one out of the corner of the lids that was perfectly irresistible. It was not a bold look, or an ardent glance or anything, indeed, that would be especially noticeable to a third party. A mere transient flicker—an electric tremor of the lid: what was it, in fact, or who could describe it? But whatever it might be, it seldom failed to bring down the most obdurate. And if that did not succeed, there was still another battery to unmask. This was a peculiarly effective turn of her under lip, emitting no sound, not much akin to a smile—something between a pout and a pho-pho, perhaps—a motion evanescent as a sunbeam, and still less easy to be described than the other, but, if anything, rather more effective. For it was established beyond a doubt that if her eye failed in its effect, her under lip was sure to succeed, scarcely any one having been known to stand both tests unmoved. Indeed, I am inclined to the opinion that I am the only person who ever entirely escaped. I am disposed to attribute this immunity, first, to my age, for be it known that I am over thirty, and consequently somewhat exempt from the weaknesses which lead younger men into temptation; and, secondly, to a natural dignity of character and coldness of demeanor, which renders me as impenetrable to the shafts of Love as is the hide of a rhinoceros to the school-boy's blunted arrow. Be this as it may, the fact remains, that while upon the passage down the coast everybody, from the captain down to the humblest steward-boy, yielded to that irresistible influence which surrounded her, and, according to their stations, severally testified their sense of the captivation by devoted attentions or distant respect, I alone remained unconquered and unimpressed.

Upon reaching Panama, we had of course expected to cross at once upon the railroad, and thence take the steamer upon the other side. But at the wharf we found the company's agent awaiting us with somewhat unpleasant news. The Atlantic steamer had broken down; a shaft had been dislocated, or a flue had burst, or the boat had been doing some one of those other things that boats are so fond of doing; and it would be about ten days before another steamer would be ready to take her place. Meanwhile, we had better not think about crossing as yet, for the other side of the Isthmus was decidedly unhealthy at that season of the year, while the hotel accommodations were limited and poor. Panama was altogether to be preferred, while those who did not care to go into the town could retain their rooms upon the steamer. A large number of the passengers resolved to avail themselves of this permission, while others went ashore to seek other quarters. Among the latter were my fair charge and myself; for, however pleasant a vessel may be when gallantly careering over the high seas, it seems a different affair when lying in port, grating sulkily against the pier, the water around it covered with rubbish and decayed fruit. Then, indeed, the poorest apartment on shore is better than the most sumptuous state-room on board. Therefore, packing into a portmanteau the necessary changes for a week, we stepped ashore and began to go the rounds of the few poor hotels.

For a time without success. There are but few hotels in Panama, and but one or two of these have a comfortable appearance. These were already filled with more active passengers, who had run thither upon the first suspicion of delay, and had thus secured all the most available rooms. Here and there some small, dark, corners were offered, with inflated encomiums upon their desirability; but we were not to be blinded so easily, and preferred to look farther. And so for an hour the search went on. The heat of the day had long passed over, and in this respect we had nothing to complain of; but, for all that, it is not a very delightful thing to be searching for a home in a strange city with a heavy portmanteau upon one's shoulder. And I naturally grew tired, and perhaps a little cross; when suddenly, upon turning a corner, we found ourselves in the little plaza before the cathedral.

Any one who has ever been in Panama must remember the cathedral—an immense stone structure, with two great towers quaintly ornamented with lines and circles of the pearl-oyster shell set into the mortar—a rough, tasteless pile, indeed, but, from its very size and age, producing an impression of something grand and imposing. At any other time we should have looked upon it with interest, and perhaps have indulged in various romantic speculations and imaginings about it. But at that moment we were footsore and tired, cared nothing for churches, were altogether devoted to hotels, and would have preferred a second-rate New York boarding-house to the basilica of St. Peter or the mosque of St. Sophia. Accordingly, after a hasty and not over-critical glance at the two great towers, we were about to pass hastily by, when I was struck with a little notice in the window of a kind of exchange office opposite: "Here speakee English."

"Let us go in thither and inquire for more hotels, Lily," I said, calling her by her first name—a practice that I had thought best to introduce from the first, as thereby she might not stand so much in awe of my greater age, and our necessary communications would be rendered more unembarrassed.

"Yes, we had better go in there, Gus," she responded, calling me in turn by my first name, in order that—so that I—doing so, in fact, because it had occurred to both of us that it would be the better and more natural way while she continued under my charge.

Accordingly, we entered the little shop. The proprietor was a short, thick-set Spaniard—Don Miguel Something—with a swarthy face, broader at the bottom than at the top, a bullet-shaped head, beard and hair cut quite short, a keen, twinkling, vivacious eye, and rather a pleasant expression of countenance. To my greeting he bowed quite civilly, gave me the names of two or three hotels where we had already made application, knew of no others, had been already inquired of several times about the same matter, was sorry he could not help us; and with that was turning again to his books, when suddenly his face changed a little in expression, a new interest in us seeming to appear upon it, and he said, in a somewhat embarrassed manner:

"Would the senor and—and the lady, his wife—"

"My sister," I explained, telling a little white lie after the manner of Abraham, though not for the same reason. In fact, I acted from impulse, not expecting to see him more than a moment longer, and it seeming easier in this way to explain my association with Lily than to make him, with all his peculiar national punctilious notions, comprehend how I could be travelling about with a young lady no relation to me, and yet no harm in it.

"Ah, yes—your sister. And now see I the likeness—a much strong one indeed. Would the senor therefore deign to accept my hospitality for the next few days, until the steamer be ready on the other side? I have, in Old Panama, some two leagues from here, a residence: there my wife and I will be much proud to—"

Before he had fairly finished his polite and unanticipated invitation to us, I had guessed the solution of the mystery; and excusing myself for a moment, I turned to Lily. She had been standing a little behind me, and now appeared to be serenely gazing out into the street in an abstracted and contemplative manner, counterfeiting, moreover, all at once, a singular interest in the architecture of the hotel. But I was not to be deceived with such a shallow piece of acting, and drawing her on one side, said sternly:

"This, now, is too much? You have been trying to flirt with this poor gentleman!"

"I only looked at him once, Gus," she responded—"just a little glance to see how he appeared. And a 'cat may look at a king,' you know."

"Exactly," I retorted. "And I understand precisely that look of yours and how you use it. What object, now, can you have in trying to fascinate this gentleman? And do you know what has been the result of your one little glance, as you call it? He has invited us to come out to his country-seat, and there, for the ensuing week, accept his hospitality."

"And do you not think you ought to be more grateful to me for procuring you the invitation, Gus? Yes, of course we will go, for it will doubtless be very delightful. What do you call it—a rancho or a ranchero? Perhaps it is a castle. And there will be banana-trees growing around it, will there not? And all sorts of other queer things? Yes, to be sure we will go, for it will all be very romantic, I know, and will give me a great deal to write home."

"We will go if you behave yourself, but not otherwise," I said. "Promise me that you will not try to flirt with this worthy gentleman, or else we will have done with it, and will return to the steamer. You see, Lily, it won't do at all. It can give you no pleasure to have the poor man drawn into any of your ridiculous traps, and it may do mischief. He has a wife, and Spanish wives have the reputation of getting jealous easily. Stilettos are a part of their customary ornaments, I have heard. Perhaps it is that watches are taxed and stilettos are not. And though you are seeking for romance, and it may be very romantic, indeed, to be stabbed in a dark corner by an infuriated donna, yet it would not be pleasant, and I could hardly explain the matter satisfactorily to your father."

"But, Gus, I must flirt with some one, you know," she pleadingly responded.

"Then flirt with the muleteer or the neighboring miller, if there be one; and I suppose the Spanish race have millers, or else how could Don Quixote have encountered windmills? Only promise to respect this gentleman. It is all I ask."

"I promise," she faintly said—so anxious, indeed, to see what an Isthmus country-house was like that she would have given up almost everything. And feeling at rest upon that score—for I knew that she would not deceive me—I turned again to Don Miguel, apologized for my delay in answering him, said that I had taken counsel with my sister, and that we had concluded to accept his kind invitation—that words could not express the deep gratitude we felt, and the like. I was a little ashamed, if the truth must be told, at the readiness with which we had met the courtesies of a total stranger, but we were sorely pressed; and I felt, moreover, that the invitation had not been extended as a mere compliment, but that we would really be very welcome.

Don Miguel bowed low to myself, expressed his thankfulness that we had deigned to honor him; then bowed low to Lily, then to both of us together. I bowed in return; Lily bestowed upon him a sweet smile, but honorably kept to her contract, and moved neither eye nor lip with treacherous intent; and so we prepared to depart, for the sun was now near its setting point, and it happened that already our host's equipage was waiting for him before the door. And as we had all our necessary luggage with us, there was no need of delay. Accordingly, we got into the vehicle—a low, open wagon, drawn by two mules; the Don took a seat in front of us; a swarthy Indian half-breed climbed into the driver's seat, and with a long lash whipped the animals into a steady trot, and so we rolled away over the rough pavement toward the open country.

Through narrow streets, where the overhanging balconies of the opposite houses almost met—along broader ways, where were a few fruit-shops—past a plaza flanked with a dull, dark, windowless convent, in front of which stood a tall stone cross upon three high steps—past a ruined church, with a banana tree growing up in the open doorway—then through one of the city gates—and so out into the open country, while, from every cracked bell of each steeple behind us, the Angelus rang out in discordant peal. After that ensued a somewhat monotonous drive through the unpaved roads of the suburbs, lined upon either side with thick tropical forests, having here and there a break, through which we could see a small native hut, with a little clearing about it, or perhaps gain a distant view of the bay. In about half an hour there came a sudden turn of the road, bringing us to higher land and a more extended prospect. We were now nearer the water, where, within a few yards, sparkled in the setting sun the waves that may have rolled over from the Asiatic coast, now rippling on the beach with a low, soft murmur, like the sigh of one who has at last arrived at the end of a long journey and may prepare to take his pleasant rest. And before us was Old Panama—to all appearance a mass of modern huts and ancient ruins—here a knot of rough bamboo erections, with half-naked natives squatting at the doorways; there a mound overgrown with vines and bushes, and only by its elevation showing that piles of crumbling walls lay beneath; and yonder a little church, not exactly in ruins, but sadly out of repair, and already half covered with the tropical overgrowth which so surely invites decay. And most prominently of all things, before us appeared a pile of something which might have been a convent or fort or barracks, but which, as we came nearer, resolved itself into an extended private residence, consisting of a centre building of no very great size, but made to appear much more imposing than it actually was by the tall adobe wall built at some distance about it, so as to form a considerable enclosure or court-yard within. This was the home of our host; and beneath a wide archway in the wall the carriage now drove into the central court, where the mules stopped of their own accord, and the native driver, throwing himself off his seat with a loud whoop, flung open the door for us to descend. Entering the house, we were at once shown into two separate and adjoining rooms, having for the moment but little time to make any extended observation of the place. All that I noticed at the time was, that the house seemed to have been erected at different periods, a portion of it appearing to be quite new, while the rest bore marks of extreme age, the difference between the two being quite perceptible, since the one portion was joined abruptly upon the other, the line of juncture commencing about midway at the bottom, and running off in a jagged course upward and toward the west, until at the top the newer part spread over very nearly the whole roof, leaving of the original building but a single small tower.

And now I come to the wonderful portion of my story—a matter so surprising, indeed, that I can scarcely expect any one, in these unbelieving and practical days, will credit it. Indeed, I have never yet found any person who, upon my verbal narration of it, would yield me his conviction: but, on the contrary, I have always been met with an incredulous shake of the head, or at the best with silent stolidity. Under these circumstances I almost fear to continue, and perhaps would even now break off and leave my story all untold, were it not that I feel assured there must somewhere in the world be those who are accustomed to deal charitably with strange recitals; not blindly scoffing at what they cannot for the moment explain, but willing to acknowledge that there are yet many things which, though beyond our comprehension, may still be true, and hereafter, perhaps, capable of satisfactory elucidation. To my personal friends I can only say that, however singular my story may appear, they must remember that I have always borne the reputation of being one who, both from natural solidity of character and sedateness of demeanor, as well as from an utter absence of the imaginative faculties, has in his temperament not the slightest affinity with what is commonly called romance; and that, moreover, there can be no object to be gained by detailing circumstances which have not occurred; and therefore they should well weigh, not merely the probabilities, but also the possibilities, of my narrative before making up their minds to discredit it.

Well, we had just completed our toilets when our host summoned us to dinner; and, guided by him, we entered the dining-room—a large, somewhat unfurnished, and, to our Northern eyes, dreary-looking apartment, though doubtless it had all the decorations and conveniences that could be required in that climate. In the centre stood a long table, having upon it a sumptuous repast of vegetables, fruits, wines, coffee and a little meat. At each side two plates were laid out, and at the end a single plate. Near the door stood Don Miguel's wife, a short, stout woman, who, by her extremely dark complexion, seemed to be of more mixed blood than himself. She was arrayed in rather a profusion of jewelry, had fine eyes and teeth, and had evidently once been handsome, but had bravely gotten over it, though still retaining a pleasant, affable expression of countenance. Not having been much accustomed to see strangers, probably, she received us with some embarrassment, not speaking a word in reply to our muttered salutations; and I may as well say here that, whether from a lack of knowledge of the English language or from natural diffidence, she never opened her mouth during the whole time of our visit, but maintained a rigid silence, doing such of the honors as fell to her lot in utter taciturnity—softening her features into an occasional smile, however, in order to mark her approval of us. Hearty and good-natured in appearance, she was by no means the person who would take sudden fits of jealousy and handle revengeful stilettos in dark corners; and I noticed that Lily looked up pleadingly at me, as though seeking to be released from her promise. But I was obdurate, affected not to notice the glance, and only attended to the courteous motion with which Don Miguel waved us to our places at the table.

I had supposed, of course, that he would assume the head of the table; but to my surprise, placing Lily at his right hand, he stood at one side, while his wife and myself, in obedience to his gesture, went opposite. Here for a moment we remained, when suddenly there appeared at the head of the table a fifth figure, who saluted us gravely, upon which, with a like inclination of the head, we all sat down. At the instant I did not take particular notice of this person, not looking at him, in fact, otherwise than with a casual glance out of the corner of my eye, so that I saw only the outline of his form. A father or elder brother, was my natural supposition, or, if not, clearly some other relative, entitled, by the custom of the place, to the post of honor.

But when, a moment after being seated, I glanced more deliberately at the stranger, there was something about him that sent a chill through my veins and seemed to freeze my power of speech. This man—if man or human being it was, and from the first, though I had no especial belief in the supernatural, I felt a sudden doubt of the fact—was tall and thin, and arrayed in a costume such as I had never before beheld. It was the costume of a warrior of past days, indeed, clad in breastplate and gauntlets, and with clumsy, basket-hilted sword at his side, while the doublet beneath was slashed and tied with points and ribbons, and below his dress was gathered into a heavy fold above the knee, the leg further down being displayed in well-shaped tights. Altogether a singular costume, but yet it was not that which impressed me the most. The dress itself might possibly be the fancy of some eccentric old citizen, attached to the customs of past days, even as with us there will occasionally be one who affects the cocked hat, long queue and big shoe-buckles of Revolutionary times. But it was rather the air and attitude of the man that startled me. The face was grim and thin, and the beard, descending to a point, made it appear yet grimmer and thinner. And his eyes were set with an unearthly, ghastly stare; not like the eyes of any living man that I had ever yet seen, but with a vacant and soulless look, as though all actual expression had faded away, leaving nothing but the dim, sightless, spiritless orbs. Turning his head neither to the right nor left, and, after his first courteous salutation, seeming to take no notice of any of us, but rather to gaze off into some far-distant region, there he sat, touching nothing before him, and appearing like some old-fashioned figure-head affixed to the table, or like the death's head at an Egyptian feast. Was it strange that after my first impulse of curiosity was satisfied, I felt convinced I was looking upon something other than mortal? And then I remembered that I had not seen him enter—that no door had opened to admit him—but that he had suddenly appeared, as though he had risen from the ground or been created out of the air. Again that chill went through me, and I began to wish that I was elsewhere—on the steamer in a storm, anywhere than where I was; and I stealthily glanced around the table to see how my companions might take the matter. And first I looked at Lily, but she sat cool and collected, a model of hardihood and propriety. It was scarcely possible that she had failed to see all that I had seen, for I never yet knew anything escape her active eyes. At the least, she must have taken notice of the stranger's queer costume. But there she sat, without a flush upon her face or a tremor upon her lip. I had always known that she was afraid of nothing; but now, that she could so easily adapt herself to the society of spirits, what hope could I have of her? Then, looking toward my host and hostess, I saw that they also appeared unmoved, though rather grave and quietly disposed. Only the former gave evidence of any perception that there was a fifth person present at all, and he did so with a certain significant expression, as though he would have me defer my curiosity until he might be more at liberty to enlighten me.

Accordingly, I held my peace, and as much as possible avoided any direct observation of the stranger; only occasionally, as I could not help it, casting a sly glance in his direction out of the corner of my eye, and then looking away again as I saw that he preserved throughout all the same unvarying, stony, imperceptive stare, touching nothing that lay before him, and only for a single instant appearing to notice us. This was when Don Miguel, filling the wine-glasses, bowed slightly and deferentially toward the end of the table; whereupon the stranger bowed in return, almost immediately thereafter resuming his old attitude and expression. Thus the dinner went on, myself in something of a nervous tremor, my host and hostess grave, dignified and undemonstrative, and Lily unblushingly rattling away, as though ghosts or masqueraders had been the ordinary companions of her life. All this was intolerable to me, and there were times when I felt like rushing from the table at any expense of courtesy and demanding to be taken back to Panama. But at length the dinner ended; the last banana was eaten and the last nut cracked. Then our host arose. The stranger also arose, returned in dignified manner our salutations and slowly walked away, his heavy basket-hilted sword clattering at his side. But I could not help noticing that before he had fairly crossed the room, and while yet within several feet of the door, he seemed to vanish or melt away, as though he had been carved out of the mist.

"And now tell me all about him. Who is he?" inquired Lily, with a ringing laugh, turning to our host. I was about to reproach her for what might well be considered a social impertinence, but Don Miguel came between us and protected her.

"It is well," he said. "Your sister is curious to know; why not, then, ask? For myself, it give me pleasure much to tell her. That was I about to do, be it said. Therefore now sit you both down again, and I will narrate to you all I know concerning it; which is not much, to be sure."

Thereupon we sat down, grouping ourselves carelessly about him, and he gave us the whole story as well as he was able, protracting with his broken English what might have been told in fewer words.

Until the previous spring he had lived in Panama, quietly and unostentatiously. But having prospered in business, and being moreover inclined to a country life, he had purchased a large plot of ground within the limits of Old Panama, the place where the original seaport had been located. It contained only ruins and a few native huts, but the region was comparatively healthy and the view was pleasant. Therefore, marking out his foundation, he had put up that large, roomy residence. Not building it entirely anew, though, for it chanced that there stood upon his grounds the remains of an old erection, two, three or more centuries old—who could tell? These ruins were so stout and well cemented that the temptation to adopt a portion of them was not to be disregarded. The new portion of his house was therefore continued upon the old, thus saving the cost of almost all the foundation, a large surface of wall, and a goodly piece of the lower flooring; and thus, in less time than would otherwise have been required, there was a pleasant and substantial residence where before there had been an unsightly waste.

The Don and his wife were well pleased with the result, and fondly looked forward to years of tranquil and uninterrupted enjoyment. But upon the very day of their arrival, when they proceeded to sit down at their first meal, they beheld this singular ghostly figure standing solemnly at the head of the table. For a moment they thought that it was a trick of some friend coming among them in masquerading guise, but almost immediately the lifeless, spectre-like gaze from those eyes struck them with affright; and the Don, instead of insisting upon his rightful seat, sank down trembling at the side of his wife, near the other end of the table. As may be imagined, the meal was not a cheerful one, their silent attention being fixed upon the intruder, who sat calm and motionless, touching nothing, and apparently gazing into some distant region, rather than taking any notice of themselves. When, at the end of the short repast, they arose, he also raised himself, bowed solemnly to them and so departed, moving a step or two toward the door, and seeming to vanish into thin air before he had reached it. At the next meal and the next it was the same, and so on, in fact, ever since that time. At first, they talked of moving away and leaving the stranger in full possession; but little by little, as time passed on and it became evident that no harm was intended, they abandoned the ruinous idea. And, after all, it was no very great harm to sit down twice a day with that apparently inoffensive spirit; though it must be confessed that, as he never spoke to them and they did not dare to address him, his presence scarcely produced an enlivening effect. Once, in a fit of desperation, the Don had come to the table early and taken his rightful seat at its head. The stranger appearing and finding his place occupied, had simply frowned and stalked away with an air of offended dignity. They thought then that he had left them forever; but that night there were strange noises about the house, and shrill cries seemed to float in the air, and the next morning nothing went right in business matters. They were glad, therefore, to leave the chair of honor once more vacant and so invite him back again, lest his displeasure might lead to further annoyances and losses.

And did they never see him excepting at the table? I inquired.

Yes: now and then he was encountered stalking gloomily up and down the hall, and, upon meeting any of the family, would courteously step aside to let them pass, gravely bowing as he did so. There was a portion of the old building which had contained a

recess hardly large enough to be called a room, though in its day it might have been occupied as such. At the rebuilding the place had been converted into a lumber-closet, but the ghost had several times been seen to go in thither, as though he claimed it for his own quarters. Consequently, as might be imagined, it had been left to him altogether, no one caring to follow him and dispute its possession.

But did he never speak? Did they have no conjecture as to who he might be?

No: he had never uttered a word. Possibly he was not permitted to converse with mortals, or it might be that, being a spirit, he was unable to talk. Once, however, a sheet of paper having been accidentally left upon the table, he had stooped over and written something that might have been intended for a name, as another person would introduce himself by leaving a card. And here the Don, rising took down the paper from behind his bookcase. There was a single character in the centre, poorly written, as would be natural with one belonging to the olden time—something that might have been a name crudely jumbled up into confusion, or might have been a quaint device after the style of an antique monogram. Whatever it might be no one could conjecture, and the matter was all as dark as before. After this, paper had been purposely left in the phantom's way, in the hope that he would further try to define himself, but all in vain. As though the first essay should be held sufficient, he had never made another attempt to enlighten their ignorance.

But, in fine, who is he, and what does it all mean?

Who knew, indeed? He was probably some cavalier of other days—perhaps of two or three centuries past. That fact his costume seemed to establish. And he had doubtless once lived in that house, else why should he now linger so pertinaciously about it? If any supposition could be formed at all, it was that, having once resided there, he considered it still his own house, regarding the rebuilding and additions simply in the light of a restoration; that upon this principle he looked upon the Don and his wife, not as the owners of the property, but rather as guests; and that he daily appeared at table in the post of honor for no other reason than that he might entertain and honor them with his presence, possibly doing so at considerable inconvenience to himself. But, after all, this was only a conjecture, though perhaps the most plausible one that could be framed. And if it were a true one, it naturally led to a further inquiry: Might not the spectre some day get the idea that they had stayed long enough as guests, and so set himself at work to make it uncomfortable for them? In fact, while the present was a mystery, the future was entirely dark and uncertain.

This was all that the Don could tell me, and of course I could be of no assistance to him. But the story impressed me deeply, and indeed contributed somewhat to my satisfaction, since I had been apprehensive that, after the first novelty was over, my visit might prove monotonous; and I could now give myself both amusement and employment in watching the spectre, for I felt that I need no longer be apprehensive of him. If the Don had so long been treated with civility as a guest, how much more would Lily and myself be entitled to courtesy as doubly guests? Therefore, while wandering about each day from sea-shore to little church in desperate attempt at occupation, I constantly looked forward with eagerness to the recurrence of each meal, finding the chief pleasure of my life in sitting at the long table and stealthily watching the ghost.

For a day or two all went on as at the first. We took our usual places; he then came in; we courteously bowed to each other and then sat down. As before, the spectre remained motionless and abstracted, eating and drinking nothing, and taking no notice of us other than to bend in acknowledgment of the customary toast, and also to salute us gravely upon his departure. Then, little by little, I began to notice a change in him. His bow became more gracious, abating something from its stateliness and acquiring a kind of friendly deference. Then his eye lost a little of its vacant, far-seeing stare, a new kind of light seeming to come into it, warming his expression, as it were, into something of interest in what transpired nearer at hand. Once his features broke into a kind and not unpleasant smile. And I noticed at last that instead of looking upon his sitting as a stately ceremony, to be terminated as speedily as possible, he became reluctant to leave the table, rising up with a dissatisfied air, like one who is compelled to leave an agreeable party. All this change of manner, coming on within two or three days, surprised me greatly, and was not without its confusing effect upon the Don; and it was not until the fourth day that I fathomed the mystery. Then, happening to cast my eyes suddenly upon Lily, I saw that, although she was meekly pretending to look into her plate, her face was slightly turned toward the head of the table; that there was the old dangerous twinkle under the corner of her eyelid; that her under lip was getting ready for its part: in fine, that the foolish girl was actually flirting with the ghost!

Startled and worried, I took the earliest opportunity to speak with her, firm in the resolution to give her a good scolding. She saw me coming, read my intention in my face, and at once proceeded to attempt a diversion. Drawing from her pocket an old letter from one of her New York acquaintances, she said, with a sweet, artless smile:

"I am so glad you have come: I have been wishing all the afternoon to see you. I wish to read you a letter I received last month from dear Jenny."

"I have heard that letter a dozen times already," I said. "And I do not like your dear Jenny, who writes a great deal of nonsense and spells curbstone with a *k*. Now do be serious, Lily, and listen to me. What is the meaning of this conduct of yours at the table—this trifling with the feelings of the ghost? Whoever heard of such a thing before? You must give him up—indeed you must."

"If I give up the ghost, I shall die," she answered. It was a very foolish and ill-timed pun, and I resolved to take no notice of it.

"I really believe you would die if you could not flirt," I said. "But now, do you not see the danger of your present course?"

"What danger can there be?" she responded. "Is it not the safest thing I could do? If I flirt with men, they all want to marry me, and that is inconvenient. But a ghost could not marry me. On the contrary, he might prove a good friend to me, and show me where money is buried, and all that. And you know—"

"I know that you are a very silly girl, and I suppose you will insist upon your own way. Only remember that I have warned you," I responded. And this was all I said, though I had come meaning to scold her; for though, by reason of my superior age and gravity and sedateness of character, all her arts were lost upon me, and I was not to be inveigled as other men were, yet there was something in the way she sometimes looked at me that fairly disarmed me, appealing to my pity, I suppose, so that I could never bear to be harsh with her. Therefore I now let her go without another word of remonstrance. And she, disregarding my caution, but rather acting as though with my permission, from that time carried on such a course of deep and dangerous coquetting that I became fairly bewildered with the depth of her powers and the magnificence of her execution.

For never yet did ghosts have a harder time than this one upon whom she now practiced her subtle arts. Hamlet's father was supposed to be miserable enough, but at least he knew his fate and what he had to expect, and was only fettered of his freedom at certain set periods, which he could easily remember. But this ghost of Lily's was not only kept in a continual state of uncertainty and bewilderment, and tormented with all the usual ups and downs of hope and despair which commonly beset a lover's mind, but his very hours were no longer his own, the daily regularity of his life being constantly disturbed; for now Lily, under pretence of making prolonged explorations of the surrounding country, would wander off and return long past the usual hour for dining, so that often the ghost, coming in at the proper time, would find the family not yet assembled, and would be obliged to wait despondently for many minutes before taking his accustomed seat. And when he was in his place, she would continually, with artful glances, provoke him to new extravagances, but all the while executing her work so cunningly and demurely that the Don had not the slightest suspicion of her agency in the matter, but rather imputed the change in the spectre's conduct to the natural exhilaration created in a long-secluded nature by sudden introduction to new and lively society. His eye constantly grew brighter and more life-like, his fits of abstracted gaze less frequent. He paid increased attention to what went on at table, until at times, for many minutes together, his face beamed with a steady smile. Once, at some merry speech of Lily's, he threw himself back in his chair, and opened his mouth as if in convulsions of laughter, though not the slightest sound came from his throat. Again, apparently making up his mind that it would be proper to be more socially inclined, he watched when the Don drank the usual toast, and instead of contenting himself with a stately bow, filled a glass from the decanter and placed it to his lips—not swallowing anything, however, perhaps from being forbidden to drink wine, or perhaps from having no stomach under that doublet and breast-plate. And he would purposely prolong the repast as far as possible, and upon leaving would turn around with more than one farewell glance of idolatry and passion before melting away. It seemed, too, as though now more than ever before, he was encountered in the long passages of the house, and that he always contrived it so as to meet Lily. At last his devotion to her culminated in an act so grotesque and singular that, as I now recall it, I think of it rather as a dream than as sober reality.

It was a little before midnight when I was aroused by a hurried knock. I had not yet undressed myself, and instantly opening the door, saw Lily standing outside, with her dress and shawl thrown hurriedly upon her.

"Come out here," she exclaimed, "and tell me what you make out of all this."

In our passage-way there was a window commanding a view of the court-yard below. The moon shone brightly, and upon gazing down I saw the ghost standing beneath Lily's room. He was dressed as usual in doublet and breast-plate, but now he wore in addition, a richly-plumed cap. In his hand he held an old guitar, without any strings, upon which with the fingers of one hand he went through the motions of executing an air, while his mouth opened and shut as though he was accompanying the notes with a song. Of course not a sound came from the old stringless guitar, nor yet from his lips. As he thus stood and let his fingers play upon the sounding-board, as though pinching vibrating strings, and moved his mouth to some hidden metre, opening and closing his jaws, now with a spasmodic jerk, and again with a slow, protracted motion, according as the exigencies of the song required; and looked languishing up at the window, advancing and receding with a series of low bows; and rolled up his eyes to the moon, throwing into his sober old face all the expressions of strong passion, not a sound all the while being heard; it formed altogether such a ludicrous picture that I could scarcely keep from laughing aloud. Lily, less cautious, did actually emit from time to time a little squeak of merriment. At last the song seemed to end, and the serenade with it. Tucking the guitar under his arm, the ghost looked up for applause. Fully bent upon carrying out the frolic to the utmost, Lily broke a rose-bud from a vine that grew close to the window, and tossed it down to him. He gallantly picked it up, kissed it ardently, then stepped back a pace or two, and so, waving his hand, vanished into thin air, after his usual manner.

All very amusing, indeed; but I was grievously tormented in my mind with the fear lest Lily might carry the matter so far as to make mischief; more especially when I saw the ghost appear at breakfast with the rose-bud sticking out from a slash in his doublet, and with a smile upon his grim face, as though with the conscious assurance of having been bountifully favored in the lists of love. I was therefore never in my life more delighted than when a few moments after there came a special message to me from Panama. The disabled steamer had been replaced; the cars would start for the other side of the Isthmus in two or three hours; we had not a moment to lose, and by night we should be careering over the Caribbean Sea, leaving the tropics far behind us. All was at once confusion as we made up our little parcels and bade good-bye forever to our kind host and to his quiet, unsophisticated wife. And as I thought upon the strange scenes of the past few days, I resolved that I would never again take charge of another wild young lady, nor would I lose this one from sight until I had fairly removed her from all further danger.

A prudent determination, probably; for, as we walked the last time from our rooms through the long hall, who should appear but the ghost? His costume was the finest, his breastplate burnished, his slashed doublet tied with new ribbons, the rose still in his bosom, and a ring in his outstretched hand. A queer, quaint old ring, I could see at a glance, made of beaten gold and having what appeared to be a jewel of some value set in the centre. One of those old-fashioned pieces of the workmanship of a past day, indeed, which derive their value partly from their age, and with a little alteration of the setting would serve for ring, button, or breastpin, as the taste of the wearer might dictate. Holding this forth with a low bow, the ghost made as though he would present it to Lily, who upon her part looked irresolute and sorely tempted to accept it. But I dashed between them, and the ghost, with no very pleasant expression upon his grim visage, stalked wrathfully away, his old sword rattling against the stairs as he reached the end of the passage and began to climb up to what was considered his especial apartment.

"Are you crazy?" I exclaimed to Lily, in response to her momentary look of indignation. "Do you feel sure that he offered that ring to you simply as a complimentary parting gift? May he not rather have chosen to consider it a betrothal pledge?"

"How foolish you are, Gus!" she somewhat savagely retorted. "Have I not already told you that the chief safety with a ghost lies in the fact that you cannot marry him!"

"Not marry him! Of course not. But, for all that, a ghost who imagines that he has a house, and that he must entertain its real owners as his guests, may well be capable of fancying that he is the betrothed cavalier of a blooming young lady. You do not know ghosts as well as I do," I continued, pretending to an immense experience in the article. "Would you be pleased if, under the mistaken impression that you had accepted him, he were to follow you to New York? I do not know whether he is tied down to this place otherwise than from choice or past association. I presume that he could travel about if he wanted to. A pretty acquisition he would be to your boarding-school dinner-table, would he not? Now, then, say good-bye to our friends and let us be off."

A hasty adieu, a jump into the little carriage, and a crack of the whip; and so, under charge of the half-breed driver, we were whirled away, my spirits gradually rising as we swept farther and farther along from the haunted house. Haunted no longer, perhaps, I reflected with some trepidation, for what if the phantom should actually take it into his head to follow us? What if even now he were to rise out of the ground and take his place on the seat beside Lily. Or, if we were really freed from him for ever, might we not have brought dire trouble upon our entertainers? For the deserted lover might become cross and ill-tempered after our departure, and make the house too hot for those whom he called his guests. But, on the other hand, he might take his affliction so much to heart as to pine away, becoming the ghost of the ghost of himself, and so entirely disappear from among them.

Whatever the issue of it, I never heard. Gradually we left the house behind us, the open country became wooded road, the city gates appeared, and we rolled rapidly once more over the rough stone streets, through narrow passages, along open plazas, and past the old cathedral; and so on to the railroad, where, in a few minutes, I saw Lily safely tucked away in a convenient seat of the middle car.

There was still an hour to spare, and I turned again into the city to make a few purchases. First, a little fruit, then a Panama hat, and after that I bethought myself to gather together some light reading for the voyage up. Near the rear of the cathedral was a small book-stall of limited capacity and offering few inducements to purchasers. A few Spanish novels, an assortment of religious books—these seemed all. But I noticed upon an upper shelf a very old volume—so dingy, indeed, that I lifted it down for closer examination. It was a century or two old, and contained the lives and exploits of a dozen or two of the most celebrated Spanish cavaliers, with rough engravings. As I turned it hastily over, I came across what for the moment seemed to freeze my blood; for there was the portrait of the ghost—life-like and unmistakable, in spite of the inartistic execution of the cut. And, as though to resolve all chance of remaining doubt, beneath it was a fac-simile of his signature—none other, in fact, than the same queer, jumbled scribble of characters which Don Miguel had shown us for our bewilderment. I gave one hasty glance at the letter-press accompanying the portrait; and then, purchasing the book without dispute about the first-named price, rushed back to the cars.

"There, there!" I exclaimed to Lily, thrusting the open volume before her. "Do you not recognise him? Now, at last, you have something to write home about! Whom do you think you have been flirting with for the past week? Look! As I live, with none other than old Vasco Nunez de Balboa himself!"—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

LARGE RAFT.—A raft of "giant logs" recently floated down the Rhine, for Holland, upon which were houses, yards, and pens for cattle, and a population of six hundred persons. It was 900 feet in length or thereabouts, and carried an entire village. At least five hundred men are required to steer it safely through the rapids, such as are met with under the Lurlie or Bingen Lock. This they do by means of long poles, which extend into the water, but it is hard work, and requires both a skillful hand and a practiced eye, as well as great knowledge of the rocks, shoals, and whirlpools of the river. An eye witness says: "Old women are spinning at the doors of the little houses; young ladies, with flaxen hair and very verdant looks, are sewing or peeling potatoes; young men are lounging about in the sun, smoking long pipes and chatting among themselves. Under a large shed the dinner is cooking, enough for the entire village. It is a gay scene, and just one's idea of 'roughing it.'"

☞ A little girl, just past her fifth year, while chattering about the beaux that visited two ladies in the same house, being asked, "What do you mean by beaux, Annie?" replied, "Why, I mean men that have not got much sense."

☞ Massachusetts seems to be degenerating. It has been noted that she did not produce one first-class General or seaman during the war, and now it is said that a negro has carried off the honors at Harvard College! Her college students also had a shameful row recently while visiting Worcester.

TENNYSON AND LONGFELLOW.

FROM THE LONDON JUDY.

Mr. Longfellow goeth on a visit to the Poet Laureate. He is met at the station by his host.

Mr. Tennyson (*log.*):

"Should you ask me, H. W. L.,
If that I am glad to see you,
If that in my humble wigwam
We will smoke the fragrant peace-pipe;
I should answer, I should tell you—
From the great lakes of the Northland,
Where once dwelt the grim Ojibways
(Not to mention the Dacotahs,)
Where the pumpkin, squash, and green-backs,
Apple sass and wooden nutmegs,
Flourish in their wild profusion,
Lo! I bid thee hearty welcome,
O musician and sweet singer!"

The reply of Mr. Longfellow must inevitably be as follows:

"I hold it truth with those who say
(I don't exactly know their names)
That poets who have equal fames
Should meet thus in a friendly way.
Tho' ocean waves they rise and fall
(And I was ill when tempest tossed)
'Tis better to've been ill and crossed
Than never to have crossed at all."

Mr. Tennyson (*log.*)

"This isn't the forest primeval; the murmuring trees and the hemlocks
Bearded with moss, are not here; nor, indistinct in the twilight,
Do they like the Druids of old stand; nor with wine of Catawba
Can we regale you here, as it grows by the Beautiful River;
But such as I have at your service I place—port, sherry, and bitter
Beer brewed by Bass shall be yours; and now let us go into dinner.

[The poets will then dine.]

At such moments, meaner mortals, like Judy and her readers, must not intrude upon them—at anyrate until the cloth is withdrawn, when Mr. Longfellow will thus address his host:

"Comrade, I have dined extremely well; and as since early dawn
I have tasted naught but beer, and of that only one small horn,
You may guess that I enjoy it; and this truth the poet sings,
That no matter how ethereal, poets suffer hunger's stings.
If perhaps that you'll excuse me, I should like to go to bed,
And in slumber steep my senses, also rest my weary head."

[Whereupon Mr. Tennyson will ring for candles, and escort his guest to his room.]

Arrived at the bedroom door, it is perfectly certain he will then say:

"If you're waking, call me early, call me early, Alfred dear,
I find it, after London, really very pleasant here;
And as a walk ere breakfast I admire, if fine the day,
Let *us go to-morrow morning—yes I only* hope we may."

At this point the American bard retires to his couch, shutting his door. His host, however, gives a final vent to his Longfellowian feelings in these words:

"Stars of the summer night,
High in your azure deeps,
Not too much golden light—
He sleeps
My William sleeps,
Sleeps.

Dreams of the summer night;
Don't, please, with nightmare keep
Him broad awake to-night;
But sleep—
Yes, let him sleep,
Sleep."

[The scene here closes.]

An Ancient Battle.

Free from the smoke of a modern engagement, a Hellenic battle must have been a gallant sight. In purple tunics and burnished armor the men stood ten, fifteen and twenty deep, beneath a glittering forest of spear-heads. Those who were well-to-do had no lack of gold about their greaves and breast-plates, and were dandified in plumes and sword-belts; while even the poorest citizen wore a helmet fashioned by the exquisite taste of a Greek artificer. It must have been a trial of the nerves of the bravest to stand biting his moustache; humming a bar of the Paean which he was to sing within the next quarter of an hour; wondering whether his widow would marry him again; hoping that the cobbler on his right might not turn tail, or the teacher of gymnastics on his left shove him out of the line; dimly conscious meanwhile that his colonel was exhorting him in a series of well-tuned periods to bethink himself of the tomb which covered those who died in Thermopylæ, and the trophy which stood on the beach at Artemisium. And then the signal-trumpet sounded, and the music struck up, and the whole army moved forward, steadily at first, but breaking into a run when only a few hundred yards separated the approaching lines. And, as the distance between grew shorter, and the tramp of the enemy mingled with their own, the front rank men had just time to try and imagine that the countenance of the people opposite looked like flinching, and that the notes of their war-chant had begun to falter, and the next second there would be a crash of pikes, and a grating of bucklers, and a clutching of beards; and those who would fain be home again were pushed on by the mass behind, excited at hearing others fighting, and with no steel at its own throat; and, after five minutes of thrusting, and shouting, and fierce straining of foot, and knee, and shoulder, the less determined or the worse disciplined of the two hosts would learn, by more cruel experience, the old lesson, that life as well as honor is for those who retain their self-respect and their shields.

☞ It is a poor rule that won't work both ways. If men ought to labor but eight hours a day, why should their wives be obliged to toil longer? It is said that an eight-hour-a-day man, on going home the other evening for his supper, found his wife sitting in her best clothes on the front stoop, reading a volume of travels. "How is this?" he exclaimed. "Where's my supper?" "I don't know," replied the wife; "I began to get breakfast at 6 o'clock this morning, and *my eight hours ended at 2 P. M.*

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

Splendid Inducements for 1868.

The proprietors of this "Queen of the Monthlies" announce the following novelets for this year:—

A DEAD MAN'S RULE. By Elizabeth Prescott, author of "How a Woman had Her Way," &c.

THE DEBARRY FORTUNE. By Amanda M. Douglas, author of "In Trust," "Stephen Dane," &c.

FLEEING FROM FATE. By Louise Chandler Moulton, author of "Juno Clifford," &c.

These will be accompanied by numerous short stories, poems, &c., by Florence Percy, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss V. F. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. Hosmer, Frances Lee, &c., &c.

The Lady's Friend is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, and nothing but what is of a refined and elevating character is allowed entrance into its pages.

The Fashions, Fancy Work, &c.

A Splendid double page finely colored Fashion Plate, engraved on steel, in the finest style of art, will illustrate each number. Also other engravings, illustrating the latest patterns of Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

BEAUTIFUL STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

The beautiful steel engravings which adorn The Lady's Friend are, we think, unequalled.

TERMS:—$2.50 A YEAR.

SPLENDID PREMIUM OFFERS

We offer for THE LADY'S FRIEND precisely the same premiums (*in all respects*) as are offered for THE POST. The lists can be made up either of the Magazine, or of the Magazine and Paper conjointly, as may be desired.

The Terms for Clubs of THE LADY'S FRIEND are also precisely the same as for THE POST—and the Clubs also can be made up for both Magazine and Paper conjointly if desired.

☞ The contents of The Lady's Friend and of The Post will always be entirely different.

☞ Specimen numbers sent on receipt of 15 cts. Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

The Stolen Ruby.

We find in Chambers's London Journal, an account of the mode in which a famous collector of precious stones recovered a stolen ruby. The narrator says:—

I called this morning on a certain well-known gem collector, who was so good as to show to me the contents of his cabinet. After the first half-dozen specimens, my attention began to wander; for a very little of that sort of thing goes a great way with me. "What is that little bottle you keep among your gems?" inquired I.

"That is my Queen Eleanor's Mixture," said he laughing. "But for it, I should not be in possession of yonder ruby, the value of which is over a thousand pounds."

"What?" cried I. "Do you mean to say it is artificial? I thought that that notion of manufacturing gems was a popular superstition."

"So it is," said he; "but, nevertheless, I am indebted to the mixture for that ruby. The fact is this: my collection is too well known by half. I don't mind showing it to an old friend like you, and of course I am proud of all these things; but I have, in a general way, to keep too sharp an eye upon my visitors to make the exhibition pleasant. People whom I know nothing about call upon me, and present a card of some friend of mine, and say: 'Mr. So-and-so assured me you would be so kind as to let me see your gems.' Two men came together upon one occasion with the purpose (as afterwards appeared) of what they called 'putting the jug' on me—that means garrote and robbery; but I did not like their looks, and declined to show them anything without a letter of introduction. They had, as it afterwards turned out, stolen the card of a Professor of Mineralogy. I am not, however, afraid of a single visitor, because I always keep *this* handy"—and my friend produced a pretty little pistol, cocked, and, I have no doubt, loaded.

"But the bottle," said I; "what is the use of that?"

"That is the supplement to the pistol. Thus, only yesterday, a very ill-looking fellow—a foreigner, all hair and false jewelry; and a very foolish thing of him it was to come to *me* with paste-diamonds in his shirt-front—brought a letter of introduction with him from a friend of mine at Dresden. The letter was genuine; but I had my doubts, from the first, as to whether this was the gentleman to whom it referred. However, I brought him in here, and showed him the gems. He made some very commonplace observations, which convinced me he knew nothing of the subject, and after thanking me, in a somewhat servile manner, for my courtesy, took up his hat to go. I slipped between him and the door, and locked it in a second. 'My ruby,' said I, 'if you please, or you're a dead man.' And I put the pistol to his forehead. That little stone, which I have said is valued at above a thousand pounds, was missing. Instead of being indignant, my gentleman merely answered: 'Indeed, you are mistaken, sir. You may call your servant, and examine every pocket.'

"'I know *that*, you scoundrel,' returned I. 'You have *swallowed* that ruby; now drink this, or *die*.' I held the weapon in one hand, and the mixture, which is an emetic, in the other. The situation was very disagreeable for him, I have no doubt, but did not seem to be at all embarrassing. He shrank from the pistol (or at least the police station, which was its alternative,) and took the physic like a lamb, while I stood over him with the Weapon and the Bowl (that little white basin yonder,) exactly as Queen Eleanor stood over Fair Rosamond. That's why I call it Eleanor's Mixture: a decoction without which no gem-cabinet, of any value, can be pronounced complete. When I miss a specimen, I always know at once that some visitor has swallowed it, and then, you know, he has to swallow *this*."

☞ The following dialogue came off at the Whistler House, in Mercer, Pa., the other day: Traveller—"Landlord, have you had any cases of sun-stroke in Mercer?" Landlord—"No, sir; when a man gets drunk here we always say he is drunk, and never call it by any other name."

☞ Near the site of ancient Nineveh, a summer temperature of 140 deg. Fahr., has been experienced, and is the highest temperature authentically recorded.

Western Editorial Excursion.

Patrick L. Connor, a St. Louis humorist, went on an editorial excursion recently, and thus recorded his experiences:

I used to think I belonged indirectly to the editorial profession myself, but I doubt it now. I dispatched myself to meet the excursionists, and accompany them to the city. From what I saw I incline to the belief that I never will be a successful editor.

There were one hundred and thirty-seven of us, and our progress was like that of a devastating army. Hotel keepers took down their signs and fled in dismay at the approach of such a band of deadheads. Children cried, "Ma, take in the clothes—here comes the editors." Wherever we went there was a panic before us, and dry bones and famine in our rear. As a body we were a big thing.

Our country cousins are a decidedly queer set, but clever and agreeable withal. At the Southern Hotel, at dinner, one of them called for half a column of soup, three squares of roast beef, and a few paragraphs of vegetables. He used a newspaper for a napkin, and picked his teeth with a lead pencil. Another was introduced to a gentleman of this city who handed him his card. "Do you wish this on our outside or our inside?" asked the editor. "You can eat the darned thing if you like," replied our friend, "but it seems to me I would keep it on my outside."

I asked the editor of the Squashtown Expostulator if he would like to go and see the Can-Can.

"How far out of town is it?" said he.

"Out of town! My dear sir, it is in the city—a dance at the theatre."

"Well, now, I declare, I haven't been to a dance for about eight years. I would like to go, but I think I had better go and buy a pair of pumps first."

"Pumps! no. This is a dance in which you can take no part. Only one or two ladies participate."

"They must be almighty selfish," retorted the editor; but gathering himself together, he replied, "All right."

We sat through the first act of "Humpty Dumpty," at the Varieties, at the end of which the accomplished Tassani appeared in the famous Can-Can leap.

"Gracious goodness!" said the knight of the quill and scissors, "she has completely uncrinolined herself, hasn't she?"

"My friend," I remarked, with a cheerful aspect, "do words like these grow spontaneously in your latitude? If they do, send down about a peck to my address. I want them for family use." I continued: "In a few moments we shall see the pretty Coradina Crugi in the Tarentelle."

"Is it possible? How long has she been in that way?"

"It's no use," I said, mentally, speaking to myself, "genius can never lower itself to such commonplace affairs."

Next morning I took my friend to witness a rehearsal of the "Black Crook," and told him he ought to make mention of it in the Expostulator. He said he would. Introduced him to the manager, stage manager, leading gentleman, first singing chambermaid, doorkeeper, etc., etc.

"Where are those young ladies that danced last night, and didn't have time to dress?"

The manager informed him that most of them were in the green-room, mending their "Jacob's Ladders!"

I never shall forget the expression of countenance worn by the editor of the Expostulator. He drew me aside, and looking very much like one who had been to the funeral of a poor uncle, and had his pockets picked at the graveyard, he said, in a voice teeming with emotion,

"Mr. Le Conner, I have left my Bible in my room. I have read that little story about Jacob and his ladder, but upon my soul I have forgotten it. Please tell me what the manager means?"

"Tish," said I, "don't let everybody know you came from Wisconsin. Jacob's ladders are broken threads in the tights worn by the young ladies of the ballet, running the full length of the leg. These tights are very costly, and the formation of a Jacob's ladder is very annoying to young ladies who work for very small salaries."

"Let's go," said my editorial friend. We went.

I tried to induce him to buy a ticket in the Paschill House drawing. He went in and inquired the price. Five dollars, he was told.

"Oh, no! you can't play that on me. I've just come from the theatre, and I saw the ten-pin dance and the tar and feathers for seventy-five cents. Think I'm going to pay five dollars to see your old show?"

My friend not having faith in the association, I took a ticket myself.

A boy ran upon the sidewalk, slapped him across his back, and sang out at the top of his dulcet voice, "Black your boots, sir? Shine 'em up."

"Look here, young man, you wouldn't talk to me in that way in Wisconsin; them's not boots, them's gaitors."

I was glad when we arrived at the hotel.

Aboard the excursion boat that visited the mouth of the Missouri, I suffered the agonies of torture. How can I forgive or forget the friend of mine, who, when he tasted a glass of champagne, remarked that he did not like whiskey in his soda. And how, when he was taking me to his hotel at night, he complained because I took him up two streets at once. Wanted to know what use the city had for two court houses, and whether his expenses had been paid at two hotels. After going up two flights of stairs at once, and occupying two beds about an hour, he came down to the clerk and demanded his bill.

"It is already settled," replied the clerk.

"Yes, but I mean the other bill."

"What other bill?"

"I've got two rooms, and am sleeping in two beds. The city only pays for one, and I want to pay for the other."

The clerk told him that was a St. Louis custom, and he retired satisfied.

I had a great deal of fun with our Western brethren. Hope they will come again and bring their knitting.

THE ONLY REASON.—A correspondent, after describing the late eruption of the volcano at the Sandwich Islands, says that the only reason why the lava did not sweep away and the earthquake destroy whole cities and towns with all their inhabitants, was that there were no such towns and cities there. The reason is sufficient, and he is evidently a careful observer.

☞ A young lady who is visiting a country that is rather "difficult" in the matter of fences, informs us that she is not yet *acclimbatized*.

Worldly Wisdom.

The worldly wise person and the enthusiast are two extremes between which there is a vast interval. There can be no doubt which is the more philosophical of the two beings. The enthusiast is all fire and fury—a true son of thunder and of agitation. He moves in an atmosphere of his own wild conceptions, which bear the same sort of relation to the ordinary notions of his generation that the shepherdesses of pastoral romance do to the able-bodied rustics of an English country village. The worldly wise man, on the other hand, like the wise virgins in the parable, acts upon a system, and is invariably as wide-awake as Argus. Nor is the system on which he acts by any means as necessarily depraved as the enthusiast thinks. A great minority, though not perhaps an actual majority, of people who are wordly wise are not purely selfish in their resolutions. They determine virtuously that if ever they do attain to influence by dint of their care and energy, they will surprise and edify mankind by the exemplary way they employ it. Life—they say so to themselves—must be viewed as a whole. It is better to wait and obtain a position of authority in the end than to forfeit all chance of getting the ear of the world by doing something rash in the beginning. It is only, after all, the same as bottling up one's trumps. Hereafter, when one comes to play them, one will play them with all the more effect. A man who conducts the game of life on this principle is by no means the low, sordid animal which persons of a poetical and denunciatory turn sometimes state him to be. He must not be confounded with a trimmer. A trimmer sails upon a similar track, only he has not the same noble resolve that he will try some day or other to use his position and powers for good. But the man who means, as soon as he has climbed to fame and fortune, to make up by his use of them for all the small meanness he has had to practice while he was upon the ladder, is a respectable and worthy person, and it is of materials of this sort that Cabinet Ministers, judges and bishops are not uncommonly made. With the gross form of selfishness which only sees one end—self-advancement—and drives at that end without hesitation or delay, we have nothing of course to do. We are dealing now with that more moral and honorable egotism which wishes both to get on, and to be enabled to do one's duty hereafter when one has got on. This is worldly wisdom *par excellence*. And of this it may fairly and truthfully be said, that it is intelligible as a theory of life, and that, as the great majority of our fellow-creatures practice it with assiduity, it is to be hoped that they approve of it upon principle.

Singular Photographs.

A novelty in photographs is promised us. Pictures visible only in the dark; portraits that must be taken into the coal-cellar to be admired. There are certain compounds of phosphorus which, after a short exposure to light, retain a certain amount of luminosity for days and even weeks afterwards. The image from the photographer's lens is allowed to fall upon a plate covered with one of these preparations; the light excites the surface to phosphorescence wherever it falls; the shadows of the image produce no effect. When the plate is removed from the camera and brought to the light, nothing is visible upon it; but if carried into utter darkness, the picture developes itself with an unearthly glow, as if it had been drawn with the point of a lucifer match. Curious, but *cui bono?*

☞ A process has recently been patented in England by which the bran of flour after being separated is ground into an impalpable powder, and then again mixed with the flour. In this way all the nutritious ingredients are preserved, while the fineness of the flour is not affected.

☞ The other day a boy of 15 in England was charged with stealing from his employers. The boy had been reading "Paul Clifford," a copy of which was found in his carpet-bag, till he fancied himself a highwayman, and wrote a letter to his immediate superior signed, "Captain Claude." "You know my real name," he writes, "now know me as Captain Claude." He seems to have stolen about £25, and lived for three days at Portland at the rate of £500 a year, spending £1 a day in cab hire, and running up tavern bills for wine. He probably owes his sentence—four years in a reformatory—to Lord Lytton.

☞ In Egypt, where sun-strokes are of frequent occurrence, the Arabs dissolve some salt in water and pour it into the ears of the patient. This almost immediately relieves the sufferer.

☞ Speaking of the failure of the olive crop in Italy, a Western paper remarks that the news is of little interest on this side of the Atlantic, as most of the olive oil used in this country comes from Western hogs.

☞ SUDDEN.—"Miss Brown, I have been to learn how to tell fortunes," said a young fellow to a brisk brunette; "just give me your hand, if you please!" "Well, go and ask pa."

☞ A horse lately fell into the sea at an English town, and swam about for nineteen hours, and a distance of more than ten miles in a straight line before he was rescued.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—There has been rather more inquiry for Flour. The week's sales foot up 4,500 bbls, chiefly extra family, at $9@11,50 for northwest; $8,50@12,50 for Penna and Ohio do do, including fancy lots at $12,75@14; extras at $8@9, and superfine at $7,25@8, as to quality. Rye Flour—700 bbls sold at $9,25@9,50, chiefly at the latter rate.

GRAIN—There has been a good demand for Wheat. Sales of 30,000 bus common and strictly prime red at $2,25@2,30, including some choice at $2,60; Nos. 1 and 2 spring at $1,90@2,10; 1500 bus Tennessee amber at $2,30, and 2000 bus Michigan white at $2,05. Rye—Sales at $1,60 to $1,80. Corn—Sales of 20,000 bus, ranging from $1,15 for inferior up to $1,28 for prime yellow. Oats—Sales of 30,000 bus at 88@89c for Penna, and 89@90 for Ohio and new Southern.

PROVISIONS—The market is firmer. Sales of Mess Pork at $29,50@30, and prime at $25 ₩ bbl. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 19@21½c; Sides at 17½@18c, and Shoulders at 14½@14½c ₩ lb. Green Meats—Sales of Pickled Hams at 19½c; Shoulders 13½c. Lard—Sales of bbls and tcs western at 18½@19c. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 23@28c. Cheese sells at 15@16½c. Eggs sell at 25@25c.

COTTON—The market is unsettled. Sales of 700 bales at 29@29½c for Middling Uplands, and 29@31½c for New Orleans.

IRON—Pig Metal is held firmly. Sales of No 1 Foundry at $40 and No 2 at $37@38 ₩ ton. Scotch Pig has advanced. Manufactured Iron commands $86,50 for Bar.

SEEDS—Sales of 2000 bus Cloverseed at $8 up to 9. We quote Timothy at $2,50, and Flaxseed at $2,50@2,55.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1822 head. The prices realized from 9@10½ cts ₩ lb. 200 Cows brought from $40 to 60 ₩ head. Sheep—6000 head were disposed of at from 5½@6 cts ₩ lb. 2900 Hogs sold at from $14,00 to 14,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.

Twenty cents for each additional insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

☞ Onward-Opposition-to-Presbyterianism Hutchinson is the name of the son of a Hardshell Baptist in West Ely, Marion Co., Missouri.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. JOHN P. MEYERS to Miss IDA C. WATSON, both of this city.

On the 30th of July, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, M. D., Mr. JOHN ROBERTS to Miss ELIZA CHAMBERS, daughter of John H. Chambers, Esq., both of this city.

On the 2d of July, by the Rev. Thos. C. Murphy, D. D., Mr. ALBERT A. RUTTER to Miss JULIA H. FRY, daughter of Major Daniel Fry, Esq., both of this city.

On the 31st of March, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. ALBERT D. SHAW to Miss MINNIE HOLLWORTH, both of this city.

On the 31st of May, by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Mr. EDWIN W. DAVIS to Miss JOSEPHINE WOOD, both of this city.

On the 30th of July, by the Rev. Andw. Manship, Mr. SAMUEL V. GARDNER to Miss EMMA V. COFFMAN, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At his late residence in Clementon, N. J., on the 27th of July, ISAAC TOMLINSON, aged 50 years.

On the 4th instant, CATHARINE WALLACE, aged 41 years.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH STEWART, in her 85th year.

On the 3d instant, Mrs. SARAH A. HAYWOOD, in her 23d year.

On 3d-day, the 3d instant, Dr. JESSE COATES, in his 73d year.

On the 2d instant, MARY, widow of the late John T. Griffith, in her 66th year.

On the 3d instant, ROBERT FERGUSON, Jr., in his 20th year.

On the 1st instant, RACHEL, relict of the late Jas. Packer, in her 75th year.

On the 1st instant, HENRY HARRINGTON, in his 85th year.

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YOUNG HYSON (Green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₩ lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₩ lb.
GUNPOWDER, (Green), best $1 50 ₩ lb.

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GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c, 30c., 35c., best 40c. per lb. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-house keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our FRENCH BREAKFAST and DINNER COFFEE, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction. ROASTED (Ungrounds), 30c., 35c., best 40c. ₩ lb. GREEN (Unroasted), 25c., 30c., 35c., best 350 ₩ lb.

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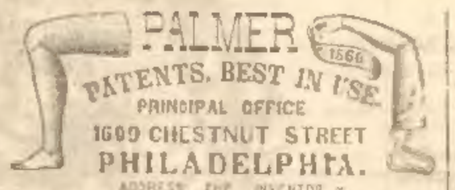

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WIT AND HUMOR.

What He Thought.

A few days since, says a Michigan paper, a specimen of humanity, chuck full of fashionable drink, took a seat in the express train at Jackson and quietly awaited the advent of the conductor, who appeared on time, and relieved the traveller's hat of his ticket without any remarks. On his return the traveller buttonholed him and inquired:

"Conductor, how far is't to 'Poleon?"

"Twenty miles."

"That's what I tho't."

At the next station the traveller stopped him, and again inquired—

"Conductor, how far to Manch'ter?"

"Twenty miles."

"That's wot I tho't."

At Manchester the traveller stopped him the third time, and said—

"Conductor, how far to Tecumsy?"

"Twenty miles."

"That's wot I tho't."

As the train left Tecumseh, the traveller exhausted the patience of the conductor, and the following dialogue explains the result:—

"Conductor, how far to Adri'n?"

The conductor threw himself upon his dignity, and remarked—

"See here, my friend, do you take me for a fool?"

The traveller "stuck to his text," and very coolly remarked—

"That's wot I tho't."

The conductor joined the passengers in a hearty laugh, and concluded to allow his passenger to tho't as he pleased.

A Samaritan.

Old Tom Talfourd, the plasterer, of Cincinnati, was terribly addicted to his cups, and gave his family much trouble. He would get drunk all over, and at times had to be carried home, in a helpless condition, by some considerate neighbor. Once he was picked up by one of the roughs of the place, who, aside from a coarse manner, was very kind-hearted. But his patience gave out before he had got far with his insensible burden, and laying him down as he grew fatigued, he would refresh himself by kicking the victim of appetite as he lay before him, with a remark that was not pious, and then taking him up he would trudge on again, till, fatigued, the kicking would be resumed. At last the kicks had the effect of rousing the drunken man, who, sobered under the infliction, walked home tolerably straight. Our friend, the next day, was met by the minister of the parish, a grave man, who alluded to the fact that he had seen him carrying home the tipsy plasterer, and said he was acting the part of a Good Samaritan. "I don't know about that," said the rough man; "I guess he'd say I was a blamed bad Samaritan, for I used up a good pair of boots in kicking him sober."

Borrowing.

The man who agrees with everything you say, and laughs at every remark you make, is like a friendly dog—he expects a bone at some future time.

The man that flatters you to your face will ask you to lend him a dollar in a short time.

If a person tells you that you are the most sensible man he ever saw, mark it, he will shortly ask you to do him a favor—say $5. That is the kind of *cents* he means.

When a man tells you that your horses are the best in the country, he means to borrow one of them, and a saddle thrown in.

Some men learn how to borrow anything, but they are awful dull in learning how to bring back. However, a person is not expected to know too much at once—it takes a strong mind to understand geology and theology at the same time.

A borrower thinks it is about as easy for you to *come* after anything as it was for him to *go* after it. This is "free and easy" philosophy—especially free.

A man that would borrow your cigar wouldn't object to taking your breath to smoke it with.

Pungent.

Did you ever hear the story of the Irishman and the horse-radish?

"No; how was it?"

"Well, seeing a dish of grated horse-radish on the table where they had stopped for dinner, each helped himself largely to the *sauce*, supposing it to be eaten as potato or squash; and the first, putting a knifeful into his mouth, jerked his handkerchief from his trowsers and commenced wiping his eyes.

"What troubles yer, Jemmy?" inquired his comrade.

"Sure, and I was thinkin' of my poor old father's death when he was hung," he replied, shrewdly.

Presently the other, taking as greedily of the pungent vegetable, had af sudden use for the handkerchief, whereat Jemmy as coolly inquired:

"And what *troubles yer*, Pat?"

"Troth," he replied, "that you wasn't hung with yer father."

Never Took the Oath.

At Richmond, Virginia, a modest country girl, on applying for rations to one of the relief agents, was asked if she had ever taken the oath. "No, indeed, sir," was the terrified reply. "I never swore in all my life." "But you must take the oath, my good girl," said the agent, "or I cannot give you the rations." "No, indeed, I can't, sir," said the girl, "mother always taught me never to swear." The agent mildly persisted and the maiden as pertinaciously refused all attempts at persuasion, until, overcome at last by the dreadful conflict between necessity and her high sense of moral duty, she stammered out, with downcast lids, "Well, sir, if you make me do such a horrid, wicked thing, then d—n the Yankees!"

A Future State.

"Miss Nippers, do you believe in a future state?" asked Rev. Mr. Seekwell, at the sewing circle gathered at the South End the other night, as the two sat in the corner, Miss N. having just finished an embroidered flannel waistcoat to be sent to the Bareside Indians in the far off Lower Down Islands.

"Dear me! Mr. Seekwell, how can you suppose I believe in anything else? I wouldn't live a single woman all my life for the whole world!" was the innocent reply.

Mr. Seekwell was observed to squeeze her right hand very decidedly, and immediately suggested a benediction to the society. Miss Nippers didn't have to go home alone that night—not very much.

DABBLING.

MASTER JACK (to very refined governess, who has suddenly appeared).—"Oh, Miss Finnikin, do come in; it's so awfully jolly!"

Matronly Beauty.

Without doubt it is a time of trial to all women, more or less painful according to individual disposition, when they first begin to grow old and lose their good looks. Youth and beauty make up so much of their personal value, so much of their natural *raison d'etre*, that when these are gone many feel as if their whole career was at an end, and as if nothing was left to them now that they are no longer young enough to be loved as girls are loved, or pretty enough to be admired as once they were admired. For women of a certain position have so little wholesome occupation, and so little ambition for anything, save indeed that miserable thing called "getting on in society," that they cannot change their way of life with advancing years; they do not attempt to find interest in things outside of themselves, and independent of the mere personal attractiveness which in youth constituted their whole pleasure of existence. This is essentially the case with fashionable women, who have staked their all on appearance, and to whom good looks are of more account than noble deeds; and, accordingly, the struggle to remain young is a frantic one with them, and as degrading as it is frantic. With the ideal woman of middle age—that pleasant woman, with her happy face and softened manner, who unites the charms of both epochs, retaining the ready responsiveness of youth while adding the wider sympathies of experience—with her there has never been any such struggle to make herself an anchronism. Consequently she remains beautiful to the last, far more beautiful than all the pastes and washes in Madame Rachel's shop could make her. Sometimes, if rarely in these latter days, we meet her in society, where she carries with her an atmosphere of her own—an atmosphere of honest, wholesome truth and love, which makes every one who enters it better and purer for the time. All children and all young persons love her, because she understands and loves them. For she is essentially a mother—that is, a woman who can forget herself, who can give without asking to receive, and who, without losing any of the individualism which belongs to self-respect, can yet live for and in the lives of others, and find her best joy in the well-being of those about her. There is no servility, no exaggerated sacrifice in this; it is simply the fulfillment of woman's highest duty—the expression of that grand maternal instinct which need not necessarily include the fact of personal maternity, but which must find utterance in some line of unselfish action with all women worthy of the name. The ideal woman of middle age understands the young because she has lived with them. If a mother, she has performed her maternal duties with cheerfulness and love. There has been no giving up her nursery to the care of a hired servant who is expected to do for twenty pounds a year what the tremendous instinct of a mother's love could not find strength to do. When she had children, she attended to them in great part herself, and learnt all about their tempers, their maladies, and the best methods of management; as they grew up she was still the best friend they had, the Providence of their young lives who gave them both care and justice, both love and guidance. Such a manner of life has forced her to forget herself. When her child lay ill, perhaps dying, she had no heart and no time to think of her own appearance, and whether this dressing-gown was more becoming than that; and what did the doctor think of her with her hair pushed back from her face; and what a fright she must have looked in the morning light after her sleepless night of watching. The world and all its petty pleasures and paltry pains faded away in the presence of the stern tragedy of the hour; and not the finest ball of the season seemed to be worth a thought compared to the all-absorbing question of whether her child slept after his draught, and whether he ate his food with better appetite. And such a life, in spite of all its care, has kept her young as well as unselfish; we should rather say, young because unselfish. As she comes into the room with her daughters, her kindly face unpolluted by paint, her dress picturesque or fashionable according to her taste, but decent in form and consistent in tone with her age, it is often remarked that she looks more like their sister than their mother. This is because she is in harmony with her age, and has not therefore put herself in rivalry with them; and harmony is the very keystone of beauty. Her hair may be streaked with white, the girlish firmness and transparency of her skin has gone, the pearly clearness of her eye is clouded, and the slender grace of line is lost, but for all that she is beautiful, and she is intrinsically young. What she has lost in outside material charm—in that mere *beaute du diable* of youth—she has gained in character and expression; and, not attempting to simulate the attractiveness of a girl, she keeps what nature gave her—the attractiveness of middle age. And as every epoch has its own beauty, if woman would but learn that truth, she is as beautiful now as a matron of fifty, because in harmony with her years, and because her beauty has been carried on from matter to spirit, as she was when a maiden of sixteen. This is the ideal woman of middle age, met with even yet at times in society—the woman whom all men respect, whom all women envy, and wonder how she does it, and whom all the young adore, and wish they had for an elder sister or an aunt. And the secret of all of it lies in truth, in love, in purity, and in unselfishness.

Encounter With a Tiger.

The following exciting description of an encounter with a black tiger is from an article upon Lake Nicaragua, in the Temple Bar, an English magazine:

One night, after I had been six months on the island, I was seated by the fire, waiting for the plantains that were boiling in a pot. Joachin was not in the hut, and I was expecting him home to supper.

Suddenly I heard his shout outside, and the next instant he dashed into the hut, banged the door to, and threw the heavy bar across it. Just as he fixed it, and, panting, leaned his shoulder against the stout wood as an additional support, a shock, so heavy that the whole hut quivered, made the door bend. Another followed—then all was still.

I sprung up at the first sight of Joachin, but the scene passed so quickly that no word had been spoken as yet. But when, after the second blow on the door, the attempt seemed to be abandoned on that side, I took the native by the shoulder and shook him, for he seemed wild with fear.

"Hullo, man!" I said, "what is this?"

His appearance was ghastly. The old Guatemala jacket he wore, his leather breeches, even his boots of alligator hide, were ripped and cut by the thorns of the acacias. His face streamed with blood from many deep scratches, and perspiration drenched his long, ragged hair.

"A black tiger," he whispered; "it has chased me across the savannah, for my horse was tired out. It is after *me*. Oh, listen!"

Then, in the silence, while we held our breath and Joachin strained my hand backwards and forwards, I heard the hard snoring of a tiger just outside the door. No doubt of it! The beast had singled Joachin out, and let the horse go free.

While we listened, the direction of the sound moved about, now up and now down, accompanied by taps upon the door, as if the animal was resting his paws against it, as he reared himself on his hind legs.

At length we heard the sound of scratching, and I drew my machete. In a few seconds a black paw, armed with terrible crooked claws, was seen working on our side the door. I gave a downright cut which nearly severed it, and the animal, roaring savagely, threw himself against the wood, again and again, in rage.

Then another pause followed. Very soon a noise upon the roof showed, as we had expected, that the enemy was directing his attack to that direction, and I got my old gun ready. As soon as I saw the animal's fur I fired, and wounded him, no doubt, for he rolled from the roof, and we heard him fall heavily. Again and again he returned to the attempt, and every time I caught a glimpse of his black and shining skin I fired.

His roaring was terrible to hear, and Joachin, who never had courage to spare, sat on the floor in a corner, striving to close his ears to the sound. All night the struggle lasted at intervals, and every crack of the hut was tried by this untiring foe. He dashed upon the door, he bounded upon the roof, scratching the thatch away, but ever disturbed by my fire; he tried the walls and the floor again and again. It was an awful night, that's the fact; and I, for my part, did not recover from the nervous strain for months.

With the dawn the tiger's efforts became fainter, and at length ceased wholly. When the sun rose I took my gun and sallied out to meet the creature in fair fight. I followed his trail for a mile or more, easily guided by the clouts of blood which stained the grass and rocks. He was wounded to the death, I plainly saw. And at last I found him dead beside the body of Joachin's horse, which he must have destroyed in the very last effort of his rage, dying in the act.

☞ The smoke from the late excitable volcano in the Sandwich Islands floated off in a line of one thousand miles across the sea; and so thick and dense was it five hundred miles from Hawaii, that Capt. Stone, of the brig Kamehameha, V., was unable to take an observation.

☞ During a series of wet days, a gentleman ventured to congratulate his umbrella maker. "Yes, that's all very well, sir," he replied; "but then there's nothing whatever doing in parasols."

AGRICULTURAL.

Cotton Seed Meal.

At a recent meeting of the Newbury (England) Farmer's Club, Dr. Palmer, who had long given the subject the most careful study, collecting facts and statistics bearing upon the production and uses of cotton and cotton seeds, read a paper which is reported in The Farmer's Magazine, containing much valuable information, which may be of interest to the many consumers of this article in this country.

It appears that the Chinese have for centuries economized the seed and used it for feeding purposes, having first pressed out the oil for burning. The cake left in this process, has been fed to cattle which were being fattened, and also for manure. Large oil mills are established in various parts of the empire, the immense stone wheels employed in grinding being worked by bullocks, in some mills as many as fifty being constantly kept at work. The cotton fibre is carefully separated before the meal is used for feed. Cotton was introduced there as early as the ninth century.

The early importations into England of the cake, were in a half spoiled condition when given to animals, but when it has been used in a sound and fresh condition, it has given results highly satisfactory. Dr. Palmer says: "Decorticated cotton cake contains a very high and much larger percentage of flesh forming matter than linseed cake. This suggests that it may be given with great advantage to young stock and dairy cows. As by far the largest proportion of nitrogen of food passes away with the excrement of animals, the dung produced by stock fed upon cotton cake, will be found particularly valuable. Cotton seed contains a considerable quantity of the earthy phosphates, such as the phosphate of magnesia, lime, potash, and other sorts of potash; even for the purpose of supplying bone material to the animals, it is necessarily a valuable food. Decorticated cotton cake and oil meal, in comparison with all other kinds of artificial food, are decidedly cheaper feeding materials, and will ere long find that favor that a really valuable and cheap article is sure to command. In 1866 there were imported from France and Belgium, 16,060 tons of cotton cake valued at $415,066."

It should be borne in mind that if cotton seed meal, from which the fibre has not been cleared, is kept a long time in a damp place, and in considerable bulk, a kind of mould or fungoid growth collects in it, when it is wholly unfit to feed out, as it appears to be poisonous to stock, and the few cases of ill effects that have followed from the use of this article, are traced to this source, and to the use of cake, from which the fibre and the hull have not been removed. Dr. Voelcker, as quoted by Dr. Palmer, says: "In the course of my experience, I must have had not less than fifty so called poisoning cases, which were due to the coarse husk in the whole seed cake, or to the injudicious manner in which the cake was given to sheep and cattle." No instance has been found or recorded in England, in which the judicious feeding of properly prepared cotton seed meal has been attended with ill results. The fatal results have been due to the *joint presence of husks and fibre*."

The Chinese, a thoroughly observing and practical people, long since found that it wouldn't do to feed cotton fibre mixed up with the hulls, to stock, and they had processes, as we have now, of separating these substances from the seed and the meal. In the few cases of animals that have died in England, the presence of cotton fibre in the maniples and masses of husk and fibre commingled, have constantly been found. But notwithstanding the few cases of this kind recorded, the imports of cotton cake from the continent and from the United States, are rapidly and largely increasing, and the consumption as a feeding substance for stock, is rapidly increasing.

After the reading of the paper referred to, Mr. S. Wentworth said he had used cotton cake to a large extent, and it had always answered his purpose. He had never found any ill effects from its use. If used moderately, it was a good and valuable commodity. The demand for it had much increased. At first it could be bought for £5 10s. per ton, but now it was £7 10s., and he had no doubt the price of decorticated cotton cake would go as high as £9 10s. per ton.

In some parts of the world, as in the Levant, the seeds of cotton are eaten as human food, and this would seem to show that it contained highly nutritious qualities.

Other speakers took part in the discussion, concurring in opinion that defective mechanical condition, arising from imperfect modes of preparation, was the only drawback to its use.

The conclusion was that it was a most valuable feeding substance, the cheapest, at the present time, in the market, and this agrees with the opinions of practical feeders in this country.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 21 letters.

My 3, 14, 16, 4, 8, 12, 16, 17, 21, 15, 1, is a Scottish poet.

My 5, 7, 15, 2, 20, 18, 9, 8, 4, 6, is an influential Wall street operator.

My 7, 5, 20, 18, 7, 2, 9, 4, 3, 2, 1, 13, 14, 8, 2, is a noted actress.

My 16, 7, 11, 7, 8, 5, 12, 7, 11, 18, 14, 21, is an American author and traveller.

My 18, 14, 8, 5, 16, 11, 3, 14, 15, is an eminent English poet.

My 16, 4, 15, 16, 17, 13, 10, 20, 21, is a prominent member of Congress.

My whole is an English novelist of renown.

A. L. ROCKY.

Arithmetical Question.

A butcher bought a number of oxen, and paid $7,665. If the cost of per ox, in dollars, were added to the number of oxen, the sum would be 386. What number did he buy, and at what price?

W. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

A wooden sphere, whose specific gravity is 784, floats in water with its centre 2 inches below the surface. Required the diameter of the sphere.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a poor singer like a counterfeiter? Ans.—Because he is an utterer of bad notes.

☞ Why are ugly people apparently never in good health? Ans.—Because they are always more or less ill-looking.

☞ Where is the finest peal of bells to be found at this season? Ans.—At the seashore, just before bathing, there is the finest *peal* of *belles*.

☞ Who is the prime minister of England? Ans.—He who eschews long sermons in hot weather.

Answers to Last.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA—"The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion." RIDDLE—The letter O.

RECEIPTS.

ALMOND CUSTARD CAKE.—Four eggs separated, four tablespoonfuls of white sugar, one pound of almonds blanched and cut fine, one pint of sour cream; flavor with extract of vanilla; put in the whites of the eggs last. Mix as thick as sponge-cake batter, and put between layers of cake as for jelly cake.

TINCTURE OF ROSES.—Take the leaves of the common rose (centifolia) and place, without pressing them, in a common bottle; pour some good spirits of wine upon them, close the bottle, and let it stand till required for use. This tincture will keep for years, and yield a perfume little inferior to attar of roses; a few drops of it will suffice to impregnate the atmosphere of a room with a delicious odor. Common vinegar is greatly improved by a very small quantity being added to it.

TO PRESERVE PURPLE PLUMS.—Make a syrup of clean brown sugar; clarify it; when perfectly clear and boiling hot, pour it over the plums, having picked out all unsound ones and stems; let them remain in the syrup two days, then drain it off, make it boiling hot, skim it, and pour it over again; let them remain another day or two, then put them in a preserving-kettle over the fire, and simmer gently until the syrup is reduced, and thick or rich. One pound of sugar for each pound of plums.

COOKIES.—One cup of butter, two of sugar, three eggs, nearly one-fourth teaspoon of saleratus, dissolved in a very little water; nutmeg to your taste; roll very soft.

STEAMED BREAD.—Two cups of Indian meal, one cup of flour, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, a little over a cupful of sour milk, and the same of sweet; nearly a teaspoon of saleratus. Steam an hour and a quarter, and bake a quarter of an hour. Eat it warm.

HOW TO WASH LACE CURTAINS.—I have taken down the parlor lace curtains, intending to wash them and do them up again. I always attend to this matter myself, as they are quite handsome, and I do not like to risk having them torn. The judgment of help is not to be relied on in such things, and the meshes of the lace may be easily torn through a little hard rubbing or too careless wringing. We have always been in the habit of soaking the curtains for two or three days previous to washing—changing the water (which should be warm) every day. It is astonishing how much of the dirt and yellow will be removed in this way, making it almost unnecessary to rub them much at the final washing. After coming from the boiling and bluing, they will be beautifully clean and white. I find a wringer indispensable for curtains, as it preserves the lace from breaking, and makes the starching process so much easier and smoother in result. Many persons who have lace curtains for the first time are quite at a loss as to the proper way of getting them up when they become dirty, and many are the ludicrous attempts to iron them in the same way we iron those made of muslin. Of course the lace stretches entirely out of shape, and the work is abandoned in disgust. The proper way to finish them after starching is this: Prepare a large spare room by removing all the furniture, and sweeping and dusting the carpet very carefully. Spread the curtains one by one smoothly and evenly over the floor, and when all are done, lock the door and let them remain for a day or two, or until dry. They will then be ready to hang again in the parlors. Some persons pin them to the carpet, but I prefer to merely spread them. If there is danger of the floor or carpet soiling them, clean sheets may be laid down first, but I have never myself found this precaution necessary.—*Aunt Hattie, in American Agriculturalist.*

RASPBERRY FOOL.—Put your fruit for a quarter of an hour into an oven; when tender, pulp it through a sieve, sugar it, add the crumb of sufficient sponge-cake to thicken it; put it into a glass mould, or into custard-cups, and lay some thick cream on the top. If for immediate use, the cream may be beaten up with the fruit.